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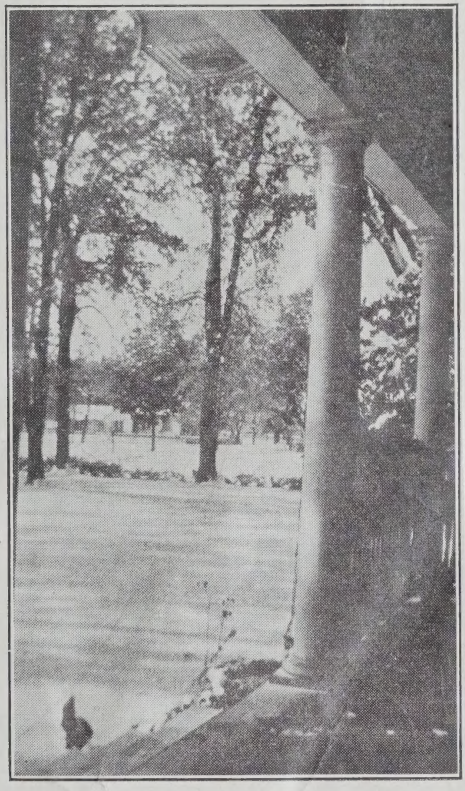

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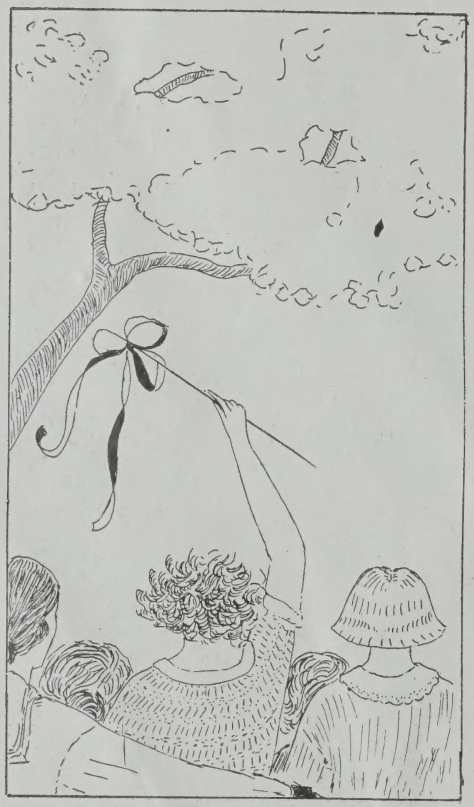
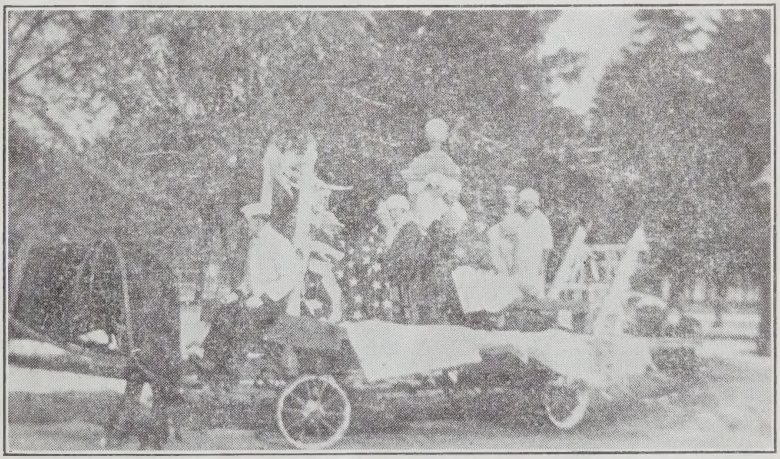
Home Coming 1925

October 31, 1925, was the Fall Home Coming Day. Nature clothed herself with bridal white; and the view above is the scene which greeted the eye looking from the "white house" for the welcome guests. It was a glorious day, but only a forerunner of the more glorious Home Coming at Commencement, 1926.



HOME COMING.

Across the tennis courts there hung a Welcome sign as shown above. All who know Carthage know her to be a friend to man. Some do not yet know that she is the College by the side of the road Numbers 9 and 36. Number 9 gives an all the way concrete route to Peoria, Chicago, and therefore all other important cities on our territory.



The usual parade with floats and stunts was held Saturday morning. The prize winning float was created by Miss Edith M. Jackson and students in the Home Economics Department. The above shows this prize winner passing the Memorial Gateway.

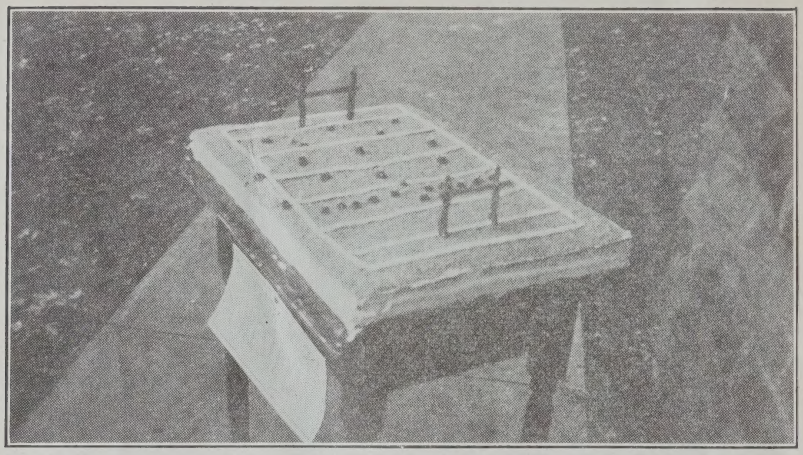
No student parade would be complete without funny stunts. Some of the more clever ones are shown on this page. The banner-bearer in the picture above seems to enjoy the stunt as much as the spectators.

These would-be prophets had their troubles getting their "prophecy" all over town, but that was nothing to the efforts the team had to put forth on the football field in the afternoon to make the prophecy come true. But victory over Eureka belongs to Carthage this season.

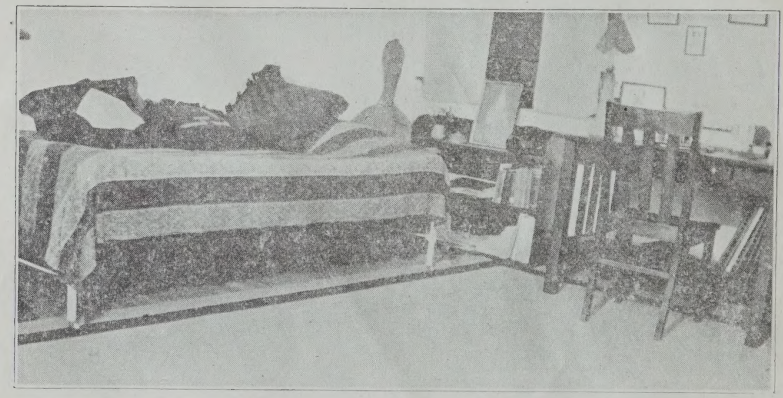
The most interested observers of the home coming football game are the champion players of former years who come back to see the warriors of today. The "grads" who posed for the above snap at the game are all ex-players, and members of victorious teams: Ben L. Matthis 02, Paul A. J. Buelow '09, Earl W. Poland '12, and Morgan L. Webb '99. These and many others came back to the Alma Mater fountain to renew their youth.

Here is a glimpse of the winning team in action. The quarter has turned to give the ball, which the recipient carried over for a gain. These white helmeted players ably defended the honors of their Alma Mater and covered themselves with glory.

CARTHAGE TAKES THE CAKE!

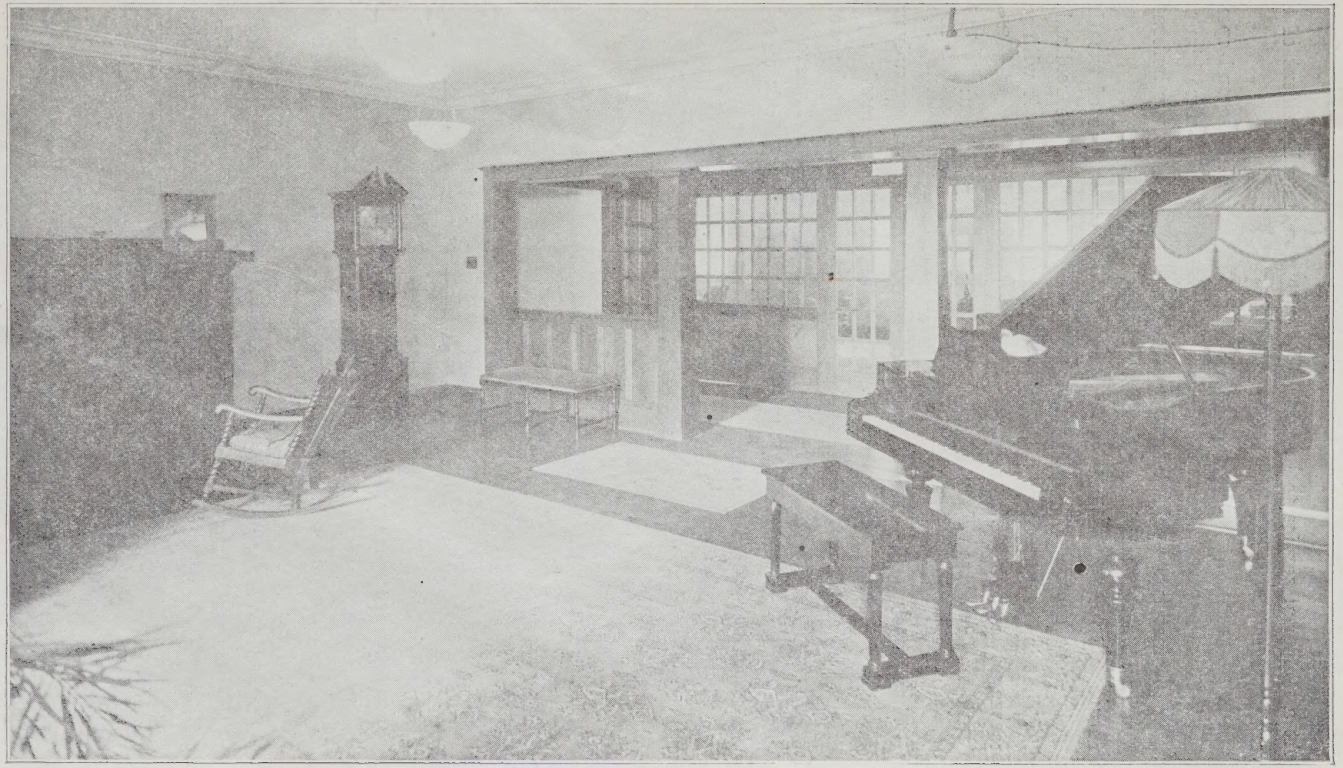


One of the bakers in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, baked a beautiful cake representing a bootball field. It was flanked at each end by goal posts—one in purple, one in crimson. Green cocoanut shreds represented the grass field. It was lined in white. Eleven purple drops represented Iowa Wesleyan players; eleven crimson sugar drops the Carthage team, a brown peanut kernel the ball. Even the officials and linemen are represented. It was a work of art. November 11th was Iowa Wesleyan's home-coming. The cake was admired by thousands. Beside it on exhibit was the sign: The winner takes the cake. Take it Wesleyan. Carthage team won by the score of 3-0. Thus C. C. triumphed once more..



OPEN HOUSE.

As usual Denhart Hall had open house, Home Coming Day evening. But special mention should be made of the fact that North Hall had open house this year also. The boys had their rooms in splendid shape. They are to be heartily commended for the appearance of their rooms that night.



RECEPTION ROOM—DENHART HALL.

IMPORTANCE OF CHARACTER EDUCATION.

At a memorial service to Ernest DeWitt Burton, late President of the University of Chicago, Dr. C. W. Gilkey said:

"In the last talk I ever had with him, shortly before his second operation . . . he pointed to some notes lying on the table before him and said, "In the last two weeks I have seen more clearly than ever before in thirty years what this University ought to be and may become. . . . In that future and for its realization, the moral and religious life of the University is more central and important that I have ever before realized it to be.' That is the last thing he ever said to me, and I share it with you as a message which this University must never forget."

President Livingston Farrand of Cornell has recently written:

"Learning alone is not the object of a university education. More recently has come a deep sense of responsibility on the part of our universities that character and right ideals must also be added to a man's equipment if he is to be regarded as educated in the true sense of the word. And if we face our Cornell situation we must recognize that there is a problem of morale, a problem of ideals which is far more difficult of solution than that of providing technical information. Unless our men go out not only with technical information but with acquired habits of true character and manhood, our training has missed its goal."

President James R. Angell of Yale in his annual report issued in September, 1924, writes:

"Our universities throughout the country are giving deep thought to the question of affording to the student body the opportunity for religious teaching and the development of religious thought. . . . One finds in college the same changes of thought as in the larger communities. These changes are particularly obvious in the attitude toward the old religious forms. I have a deep faith in the spiritual quality of our youth, which is properly seeking its own particular expression, but which is in many of its essentials the quality of Christianity. There is an undoubted confusion in the minds of many students regarding the relation of the spiritual and moral side of their lives to religion, just as is the case with their elders. The dissipation of this confusion may require a new approach in religious teaching and the universities may well be called upon to take the lead. . . Whatever steps may be taken along this line, it remains true that the spiritual atmosphere of an institution depends in large part on the direct influence of the members of the faculty in their teaching, in their personal lives, in their relation to individual students."

The record of Carthage College Alumni bear irrfutable proof that Carthage College is an educator of Character—of Character that is worth while, inspiring conduct noble and courageous.

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CARTHAGE COLLEGE BULLETIN

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Science In Carthage College

DEAN W. K. HILL, Sc. D.

Volume IX **MARCH 15, 1926** **Number 14**
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FOREWORD.

In connection with the centennial year celebration of Hancock County, Miss Alice Kibbe, professor of Biology in the College arranged for a significant meeting. This program brought interesting information about the history of scientific study and teaching in the County. At that meeting portraits of a dozen scientists who lived and worked in the County were unveiled.

The papers in this Bulletin present an account of the early scientific work in Carthage College. Among the former teachers of science in the College should be mentioned particularly: Prof. S. S. Schamcker, Sc. D. now of West Chester State Normal, West Chester, Pa.; Prof. E. S. Breidenbaugh, Ph. D. now of Gettysburg College, Gettysburg, Pa. and Prof. Ralph McKee, Ph. D., Sc. D. now of Columbia University, New York, N. Y. Among the Science teachers produced by the College should be named Prof. Fernando Sanford, Sc. D. professor Emeritus of Physics in Leland Stanford University, Palo Alto, Calif.

The College has sent into the high schools of village and city a large number of science teachers. A proportionately large number of Carthage students have entered the medical profession. The College has a splendid scientific equipment. Carnegie Science Hall is completely furnished. The wild life preserve with its flora, timber, haven for birds, lake etc., is valuable to the department of Biology. Mr. Earl Lambert, our curator, has filled the College museum with an unusually fine lot of mounted birds and animals. Instructor L. Hill has opened a laboratory this year in which he continues his research studies.

Under the direction of Prof. Boatman the physics department has shown excellent development. Two goals remain to be worked out in the near future. There should be a class of Geology and instruction in Agriculture. Those who read this Bulletin carefully will appreciate the perfectly wonderful work done by our Dean and Professor of Chemistry, Dr. W. K. Hill. To the scientific spirit he adds that attractive spirit of the sympathetic teacher and leader of youth which has endeared him to thousands.

HOW I BEGAN TEACHING SCIENCE,

Dean W. K. Hill, Sc. D.

My subject as printed on the program does not quite express the thought Miss Kibbe had in mind when she conscripted me into this service. It was not the **"beginning"** she was interested in; it was the **"how."** Her thought properly stated would sum more nearly like this: **"How I taught science in those remote times when I first posed as a science teacher."**

This subject you see would bring me to the confessional and I refuse to be brought. I do not intend to confess how I taught science in those days. It is humiliating enough to remember how I taught it, but to confess it in this presence, is quite unthinkable. Besides if I was to explain how I did it, you would still be left in uncertainty. You would have only the witness of a deeply interested party, to the crime perpetrated, and such testimony is not commonly accounted trustworthy. Consequently if any of you are interested in the matter I would refer you to such of the victims as still survive. As for example, Dr. H. M. Bannen of Rockford; Dr. E. H. Mensel of Smith College; Dr. C. C. O'Harra, President of South Dakota School of Mines; Dean Caroline Grote of Western Illinois Normal College; Professor O. B. Turner of Louisiana Agricultural College; Dr. Thaddeus Bolton of Temple University, Philadelphia and Ralph Waldo Trine of New York City.

These and a goodly number more of that generation of students can tell you the painful story of how I taught science in the Victorian Age. But while I refuse to tell you how I taught science when I began, there are some facts about the science teaching in the Carthage College of those days, which may be of interest, and which perhaps I may tell without incriminating myself beyond the hope of pardon.

I came to Carthage College in September of 1884, and looking up the Catalogue of that year I find that I was "Professor of Natural and Physical Sciences"—sciences in the plural—all of them. You will all agree with my present day opinion that this is a rather ambitious program for a young pedagogue, just a short time out of College and having completed his Seminary course only in June of the same year; but I do not remember being worried at the time. The "natural and physical sciences" make up a pretty wide field, and even then I knew that one cannot beat out a small lump of metal so as to make it cover a large field without beating it full of holes, unless perchance the metal happens to be pure gold. My metal had not been tried and I presume I, and the authorities out here, took a chance on its turning out to be—certainly not pure gold—but at least some baser metal that would stand a lot of hammering.

It will help you to understand this hammering process, if I describe first the equipment with which I had to work. My recitation room was the southwest corner room of the basement floor of Old Main, and at that time it was the only basement room in use. In this small room was housed all the equipment the College possessed for the study of the "natural and physical sciences," together with a large wood stove and a large box to hold the wood of half cordwood length, which we used for fuel. In those days every room in the building that was used had its stove and box for fire wood. You may ask: where are the chimneys?

DR. W. K. HILL.

Well, after the steam heat furnace, which heated Old Main for many years, was installed, a new roof was put on the building. At that time the chimney tops that had stood like sentinels all around the eaves were removed and covered with slate, not so much because the chimney tops were objectionable, but because it was easier to remove them than to put watertight flashings around them.

To add interest to the picture I have drawn of our heating facilities, I must tell you that the first winter I spent here (as well as several that followed) was intensely cold. The Thermometer went to 32 below—and stayed on the wrong side of zero for weeks together.

My supply of chemicals and chemical apparatus was all stored in one small cupboard about 4'x4', with four shelves eight inches deep, standing on a small table in the southwest corner of the room behind the stove. The table is now doing menial service in the acid room. That same cupboard you may examine and measure now if you choose. You will find it on west side of the supply room of the Physics department, with other shelves beneath it. But when I saw it first it had no doors. I made the door to keep the dust from that stove from snowing the chemistry department under. In addition to the contents of that cupboard, I had three or four ring stands, and a box lined with zinc and supported on legs which were modelled on the pattern of the saw horses we used when sawing wood for our fires. Moreover I had a wooden bucket in which to carry the water I needed for my experiments. I got the water from a well with a chain pump, just north of Old Main. That well was the waterworks for the whole school. No water was supplied anywhere in the building except in buckets and there was no sink to take care of the waste. I carried out the waste water after my experiments in that same wooden bucket.

The aforesaid zinc-lined pneumatic trough gave me a lot of trouble. It had suffered many things at the hands of my various predecessors before I arrived; it was worn dangerously thin, and I had no money to have it relined.

I very well remember one experience I had with it during that first winter. The ladies in the eighteen-eighties made a specialty of Chautauqua Circles just as they do today of Women's Clubs, and the Chautauqua Circle of Carthage happened that winter to be "doing" chemistry after the Chautauqua manner. They could master the theory and principles all right; all that was in the Chautauqua text-books; but they could not perform the interesting experiments. At that time no one seems to have thought of the obvious facts that a kitchen is a laboratory, and that a laboratory, like a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet. So the experiments had to be performed in a laboratory properly named. I was asked to demonstrate and I agreed to do it. Quite in harmony with "the total depravity of inanimate things," my fragile, much abused zinc-lined box chose that very afternoon to give up the struggle. The bottom simply vanished. It is quite likely I had been letting too much acid run into the box. I tried to have it repaired. I would have pawned my watch that evening to have the box relined, but the tinners were all busy or out of town, and the time was far too short for me to think of essaying the job myself. But the box would hold no water and there was no other container in all my equipment that could by any possibility serve as a pneumatic trough. So in desperation I appealed to Miss Hattie Reinoehl who managed the College Boarding House—in a building belonging to the College north of Old Main. She loaned me a dishpan. Just

note the irony of my predicament. I was to have demonstrated the wonders of Chemistry before those worshipful ladies with esoteric rites and mysterious paraphernalia; and what I actually did show them was an ignoble dishpan—the most commonplace, and without doubt the most cordially detested of kitchen utensils. At least the only thing I remember that I showed them was that dishpan. I have often wondered what their comments were, on their way to town that night.

When I recall my equipment for the biological work I had to do, I am reminded of a famous chapter in a book on the Natural History of Ireland. The chapter is duly captioned, "The Snakes of Ireland," and the entire chapter is this one brief sentence: "There are no snakes in Ireland." In like manner my chapter on biological equipment and supplies reads with literal truth, "There were no biological equipment and supplies." But at this moment I am reminded that we did have some mason jars containing pickled snakes that Dr. Blancke, them a sailor boy lately escaped from the German Navy, had captured down in Adams County; among them one worthwhile specimen—the so-called glass-snake—opisaums ventralis—not a snake at all but a lizard.

But in Physics I was somewhat better off. Physics had up to that time held first place among sciences taught in the schools, and the College had some interesting equipment, though very little, of the sort now used in physical laboratories. There was a fine collection of very beautiful Geissler tubes, an aurora tube, and a rotator on which to display these tubes to the best advantage. A few of these tubes and many fragments of them are still with us. Last year in the limbo of dead and forgotten apparatus I ran across a section of the old rotator. Instituting a search I discovered enough fragment of it that by making a few additional parts I put it in working order again; and I have greatly enjoyed showing my chemistry classes how the antique device worked. In addition we had a Crookes tube and a Gassiot's Cascade. I wonder how many of you physic students and teachers know what a Gassiot's Cascade is? It is a lovely thing, I assure you.

Of somewhat more practical value was a good Ruhmkroff Coil, a battery of Leyden jars, and a curious old frictional electric machine, that looked like a small carboy with a neck at each end, turned by a crank. By rubbing against a leather pad it produced static electricity and I must not neglect to mention that we had a nice little house with all its walls and its roof hinged together, and provided with a chimney and lightning rod and everything. And inside the house was a tin can which I could fill with a mixture of hydrogen and oxygen. Then after I had charged my battery of Leyden jars I could make the lightning strike the house and knock it flat as the walls of Jericho. But it was easier to build it up again, because its walls were hinged together as I have said.

You will have noticed that most of the apparatus mentioned was spectacular. It was intended and used to astonish rather than to teach. It had to be shown in a darkened room, and so the demonstrations were always made at night, and were to the student of that day a substitute that happened two or three times in a school year, for the modern movie that happens six or seven times a week. How those students would have envied you if they had known.

In Geology and Mineralogy the College possessed a small usable collection purchased from "Uncle Charlie" Wood of Augusta one of Hancock County's pioneer naturalists and collectors. But much better than that it

had access to the wonderful collection nature has furnished free to every citizen of our Country; palaeozoic brachiopods and lamellibranchs and hydrozoans; exquisitely beautiful crinoids or stone lilies; cyathophylloid and favosited corals; spines and teeth of fishes chiefly cestrationt sharks that are found now only in Australian waters; and by no means last in interest the beautifully crystal-lined geodes that abound wherever a stream has cut deeply enough into the rocks; and the almost or quite unique bed of petroleum field geodes that outcrops near Niota. Our county has furnished highly prized collections of all these fossils and geodes to most of the great museums of the world.

The hurried sketch I have given will furnish some idea of what tools I had had to work with. What was I expected to do with them? I refer again to the Catalogue of 1883-'84. But first I want to call your attention to the fact that I had no part in making up the curriculum recorded there, and with but little change in many subsequent catalogues. We inherited it, and with it a tradition that made it very hard to get away from. Curricula in the eighties were much more sacred things than they are now. In this catalogue I find that the following subjects in natural and physical science were offered. In the Academy:—

(I had to teach Academy classes too at that time and long after.)

1. Physical Geography.
2. Natural Philosophy.
3. Physiology.
4. Botany.
5. Zoology.
6. Geology.
7. Chemistry.
8. Astronomy.

In the College:—

1. Guyot's "Earth and Man."
2. Zoology.
3. Botany.
4. Physics.
5. Chemistry.
6. Geology.
7. Mineralogy.
8. Meteorology.

Altogether it makes a formidable array. But you must remember that in those days Steele's "Fourteen Weeks" in the various sciences were favorite text-books—not with me however; I did not use them. Also our school year was divided into three terms instead of two semesters and a number of these courses lasted but one term, especially courses in the Academy and in the Freshman year. But College Physics was a year course—and I used Ganot's and Deschanel's text-books, not Stulis. Chemistry was a year course, and Geology and Mineralogy together, a year—in these last I used Conte's and Dana's text-books.

The above schedule in science, for one man, seems preposterous enough after making all allowances for such alleviation as a steering committee consisting of Professor Belser and myself could bring about by bunching the students, of whom all told there were 101,—only 32 of them in the College—into groups that would take certain courses together, making it possible to give these courses in alternate years. However in those early years I certainly taught every science subject I have listed though not all of them in any one year.

But cheer up, the worst is yet to be told. We had no professor of English. When Dr. Bartholomew re-assembled a College faculty in the summer of 1884 he could afford to employ only four men. Himself as president and professor of mental and moral science, L. P. Cravens, Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy, Carl W. Belser; Professor of Ancient Languages and myself. The schedule called for Anglo-Saxon. No

member of the faculty but myself had even studied that melodious language. However it would never do to confess that a subject taught the year before was beyond the range of this brand new faculty, so I tackled it. In doing this I acquired by right of succession the classes in Chaucer and Spenser that followed. The seniors in English also were without a shepherd, after our original distribution of work had been made, so I took pity on them and added them to my flock,—in a course using President Bascom's "Philosophy of English Literature"—a book which I thoroughly enjoyed. Dr. Bartholomew had the rest of the work in English that year; but I believe it was the following year that I took over the Juniors in a course in the "Science of Rhetoric"—a two term course. I carried most of this English work or all of it, every year during the first eight years of my connection with Carthage College. In fact, one of the presidents of the College during that time was somewhat skeptical, as well he might be, about the work I was doing in science, but rather enthusiastic about my work in English. I consoled myself with the reflection that he probably did not know the difference between a crucible and a burette, and therefore was not a competent judge of what I was doing in science. But at any rate this opinion of his must have had influence. If you will consult the catalogue for the year 1901-'02, you will find that when I went back to the College after my restful vacation as superintendent of the Public Schools of Carthage, I was asked to return as professor of "English and History." However Professor Short, the professor of natural science resigned at the end of that year, to take a position at Westminster College in Pennsylvania, and I again took over my old job.

But my story is still incomplete. Carl W. Belser, the professor of Ancient Languages in that 1884 faculty was a remarkable man, scholar and teacher. He was a graduate of Michigan University,—with one year's experience in teaching at Mt. Morris College. He was an enthusiastic admirer of Doctor—afterwards President—Harper, and his method of teaching; he attended Dr. Harper's summer school and used the Harper methods in his own class-room work. Belser became at once and very justly, the popular teacher in the College. His students demanded additional work beyond the prescribed courses but he did not have hours enough in the days nor days enough in the weeks, in which to do more than was already allotted to him. So the President Belser and I went into conference, threshed out the situation again, and I emerged a teacher of Latin. I took over the long-suffering Freshmen in Cicero, De Senectute et De Amicitia, in the first term; Terence,—either the Andria, Adelphae or Heautan Timeroumenor in the second term; and Livy in the third term—meeting the class once a week in Abbott's Latin Prose. In times of stress, too, I read Juvenal and Quintilian with the Juniors.

In those years Dr. Bartholomew was crushed to the earth beneath the financial burden of the College, all of which was on his shoulders; but with all that he did much more teaching than any accrediting agency now-a-days would allow to one who did nothing but teach. In addition to all the subjects belonging to his department of mental and moral science, he divided the teaching of English with me. Except for a little help in teaching some classes in history Professor Cravens confined his work to his own department, and he gave the College all his time for only one year. He became a candidate for the office of County Superintendent of Schools, and you know a candidate's energy goes into his candidacy. He was elected. So on Belser and myself fell the burden of carrying the extra

teaching load. We always taught from 32 to 36 hours per week—full hours of 60 minutes. In as much as the traditions of the school gave Wednesday afternoon to the Literary Societies and made Saturday classes impossible, 36 hours per week meant eight hours per day, four days in the week and four hours on Wednesday morning. The pace Belser and I regularly hit as we walked the streets of Carthage became the joke of the town. Many a time some store box loafer called after us "where's the fire?" and much oftener something more ribald and far less complimentary. But we had not time for the leisurely, gentlemanly good fellowship that helped to make the famous first faculty so deservedly popular. I would be far from wishing on any of my students the necessity of burning the midnight oil as I burned it then; but I think sometimes that if some of my Chemistry classes collectively would consume as much of that variety of oil as I did at that time simply and alone, and less Red Crown and Mobiloil, it would be a good thing for the classes.

Just a word concerning my friend Belser. He remained with us three years. After leaving us he still kept up the pace. Earned his Ph. D. by study at Michigan and Leipzic; taught in the University of Michigan and later in Colorado U. He died many years ago—Professor of Semitic Languages in the University of Colorado.

My subject limits me to the beginnings and I have spoken only of the beginnings, but there were other periods in the forty one years since I began to teach science here that have left memories quite as interesting to me. For example the period when Mr. Denhart first began to furnish me with laboratory equipment—microscopes and tables for biology—tables and lockers for Chemistry; and when we had the two west rooms in the basement of Old Main for our science work. My friend Professor Lambert was one of my boys during that period.

I have seen pictures and descriptions of William Ramsey's laboratories in the College of the City of London where he had worked up to and during the time he and Lord Rayleigh were discovering Argon. His laboratories were two rooms about the size of those two rooms in the basement of Old Main; and his equipment except for a few special pieces of apparatus which he had to use in his research was little if any better than mine. After all the reason I did not discover argon was not the hard conditions under which I worked, nor because my laboratories were so poorly equipped. It is because I was not Sir William Ramsey.

AN APPRECIATION.

Prof. E. F. Bartholomew, Ph. D., D. D., L. H. D.

When, in the early summer of 1884, the duty fell upon me as president of the newly organized Carthage College, to find a suitable man for the chair of the natural and physical sciences, I began to realize the seriousness of the task. We wanted a man, if possible, of our own church affiliation, a young man with adequate general scholastic attainments, a man with specific scientific training, a man with the highest christian character, a man consecrated in heart and mind and life to the service of the Master in the field of collegiate education. Our wants were numerous and of a high order; we realized that they were many times greater and more costly than we had money to pay for. Our eyes were directed to our several colleges and we began to make inquiries concerning a suitable man for the position of science teacher in the new reorganization faculty. A friend called our attention to a young man just graduating from the theological Seminary at Gettysburg, by the name of William K. Hill. He might possibly fill the bill.

At that time I did not know Mr. Hill, but I immediately began to accumulate information on the subject under consideration. The more I learned of the young man, the more the conviction grew that he was the man for the place. The next question was, Is he available? And so to bring matters to a focus, he had to be written to and sounded as to the possibility of his accepting a call if such call were tendered him. We explained what kind of service we wanted to have rendered, but as there was no money in the treasury and none in sight, we could not offer a very flattering salary. We did, however, intimate that we might be able to promise $800 a year, but wondering at the same time whether he would be willing to accept a reasonable share of such money as might come in from tuition and other possible sources! That was the way we were compelled to finance the institution in that dark day of its crisis period.

Well, imagine my astonishment and delight when on receiving an answer to the letter of inquiry or invitation, I was informed that he was willing to accept the position on the conditions named, if a call were extended. That letter, together with its general spirit, was a new revelation of the inherent worthiness of regenerated humanity, and it caused my esteem of the young man to rise many degrees. Suffice it to say that the call was speedily issued and as promptly accepted. A burden was lifted from our hearts, an important step had been taken, an achievement was effected which would have far-reaching consequences for the destiny of Carthage College and for the interests of higher Christian education in the Middle West.

Then came another important event. The time for the opening of the fall term under the new regime was drawing nigh. A day was named when the new professor elect was to arrive in Carthage. That was another **dies mirabilis** in the history of C. C., which only those who were intimately acquainted with the inside affairs of the institution could fully appreciate. He arrived on schedule time. I met him then for the first time. That moment is still fresh in my memory. Before me was a figure of small stature, light weight, agile body, compactly built, with a luminous, kindly, intellectual countenance and eyes that reflected the light of a noble soul. It was a case of love at first sight. We had no accommodations to offer him such as he was accustomed to in his own home and such as he was familiar with

throughout his past life. We offered him the best the boys' dormitory afforded, and apparently he was satisfied. At any rate he did not express any dissatisfaction.

The next step was to introduce him into his field of work. I took him to the southwest corner room in the basement of the "Old Main." That was the science room. There I had taught my classes in the sciences during the ten years preceding. Many of the fixtures and various pieces of apparatus were of my own devising. Everything was, to be sure, exceedingly rude and primitive. This was to be the scene of the new professor's activities in the field of science. With such an equipment and with such a prospect he might well in despair have exclaimed, "Who is sufficient for these things?" But he had faith and courage and a vision of better things, and on the strength of these, he accepted the situation as it was, addressed himself to his chosen work and with heroic determination resolved to make the best of it. There is no need of comment on the character and personality of the man who was willing to begin his work there under such circumstances.

The object of these introductory remarks is to afford a proper setting for our estimation of the true worth of Dr. Hill as we know him today in his long connection with Carthage College and the distinguished services he has rendered the institution and the community. We can best appreciate the magnitude of his achievement when we think of him on the background of the circumstances out of which he has raised the scientific department of the institution to its present high degree of efficiency and prominence. The best way to form a true estimate of his personality is to view the man in connection with the circumstances, as I saw him and knew him when he first set foot on the soil of Carthage.

From that time to the present day, we have witnessed a steady, orderly, progressive development of all that was best in him, until now we have in our midst a noble man, a profound scientist, a useful, highly respected citizen, an excellent teacher, a devoted friend to the students who cannot help loving him. When I look back over these forty odd years of history my conviction grows that events have been guided by the unseen hand of Providence. Those were the days that tried men's hearts and proved the kind of metal of which they were made. Those were the days when, from the few remaining friends of the College, the anxious cry went up, "Watchman, what of the night?" and when the assuring answer came back, "The day dawneth," and "Our flag was still there!"

Dr. Hill began his career as teacher of the sciences in Carthage College under conditions the most discouraging imaginable, when there was no adequate equipment, when laboratory facilities were totally lacking, when there was no money available for needed apparatus and supplies, when everything depended upon his own initiative, and when no encouraging words came from the church outside of recognizing the heroic work he and his colleagues were doing. It was a time when trusted friends had turned traitors, and did their utmost to destroy Carthage College, when bitter and most unkind articles were printed in the church papers and fiery speeches were made at Synodical meetings against the heroic little band of men who were trying to save the College. Even today the church does not know and little appreciates the self-sacrificing labors which Dr. Hill and his faithful compatriots performed for the College in that critical period. But their hearts were in the work and they stuck to the floundering ship when every succeeding wave of adversity threatened to engulf it. The salary was mis-

erably small, and worse than all, it frequently happened that there was no money wherewith to pay long past dues. In those days the president was also treasurer, and how painful the memories of occasions when my faithful colleagues called for a little money to pay necessary bills and when I could do no more than give out insignificant little dribs of ten or fifteen dollars at a time. And it still touches my heart when I recall how patient and uncomplaining and even sympathetic he and the other fellow teachers were in those trying circumstances.

In the meantime the fall term was progressing and it was not long until reports began to come in to headquarters concerning Professor Hill's work both in and outside of the classroom. These reports, coming both from students and from others who had opportunity of observing, were exceedingly gratifying and assuring because they proved that no mistakes had been made in calling him to this chair. It was evident on all hands that the right man was in the right place, and subsequently history has confirmed this judgment. As the days went by, the more I saw of him and the longer I knew him in all sorts of relations, the more did he creep into my heart and the more did my admiration of his sterling qualities grow. It is my honest conviction that the best thing I ever did for Carthage College was to bring Dr. Hill into it. I was early impressed with the extent, variety and accuracy of his scientific knowledge with the soundness of his pedagogical principles with the correctness of his methods and with the exemplary spirit with which he entered into his work.

It was interesting to hear what the student had to say about him. The prevailing opinion was that he was exceedingly modest, and perhaps was lacking somewhat in self-assertiveness, qualities which certainly are pardonable in any good teacher. But there was never expressed a shadow of doubt as to his ability. They were all impressed with his high degree of scholarship and his absolute sincerity of purpose. They liked his manner in the classroom and on the campus, they admired his manly bearing, they were pleased with his way of instructing. They soon came to the conclusion that in order to earn credits in his subject it was necessary to work hard, they could not go to sleep on the job. If a student did not know his lesson, the professor has a way, all his own, of reminding the student of the fact, which was generally effective and yet not so as to be offensive. They all testified to the fact that contact with him was stimulating and inspiring, two of the crowning qualities of a good teacher. I do not recall that ever I heard a single depreciatory remark from any student who was in earnest to advance. These are things which as head of the institution, I carefully observed. I watched every straw to learn in what direction the current was flowing, and I soon became convinced that Professor Hill was a valuable addition to the constructive forces of Carthage College, and I have never since had occasion to change my mind.

His method of study and teaching, from the beginning was predominantly inductive, though he also sometimes made use of the syllogism. He approached scientific problems in the spirit of unbiased investigation and with a commendable candor which caused him to feel that as a scientist it was his first duty to know the facts regardless of the conclusions to which the facts might lead. In all cases the first requisite of an honest, high-minded investigator is the determination to find where the truth may be hidden and to bring it out into the clear light of day. This fearlessness in the search of truth for its own sake has always been one

of the outstanding qualities of his character as an investigator and educator, and it so today, as all who know him intimately will testify.

Early in his carreer he developed remarkable resourcefulness. Perhaps he realized the truth in his own case of the maxim that "necessity is the mother of invention." Necessity, certainly, impelled him to do many things, which otherwise he would not have undertaken. As he had no laboratory facilities, he was compelled to invent many a bit of crude apparatus and extemporize many a simple experiment to illustrate the subjects under consideration. After all this is the best test of the real teacher who truly knows his subject. A very distinguished and successful professor of Physics in one of our great universities once remarked to me that his most effective experiments were preformed by extemporized scraps of apparatus, perhaps a cast away tin can or a bit of copper wire, or even a rusty nail picked up along the sidewalk on his way to the lecture hall. There is a principle involved in this remark which goes to the bottom of pedagogical science. In Professor Hill's experience it happened more than once that he had to depend on apparatus of the simplest kind devised for the occasion. It proved an excellent training for him. He is a stronger teacher, a better chemist today in the midst of his well equipped laboratories for having had such an experience.

His teaching work has been along conservative lines. He is too well balanced in his intellectual make-up and his professional habits to be drawn aside by the numerous new fangled fads of our times, which hold out fascinating inducements to the race of hireling sciolists who bring the profession into disrepute. He has always pursued the middle course, which, as every scholar knows, is the surest and best way, and the one that soonest leads to permanent results. Neither has he lent his ear to flattering invitations to other more remunerative fields. In all such matters he was guided by principle rather than policy, and so he has remained at the post to which Providence had assigned him.

His activities have not been confined to the classroom. Having a variety of gifts and an all-around training for practical life, he has made himself useful in the Sunday School, the local congregation, in social service, in civic offices, in the general and religious activities of the home community. One of my most pleasing memories is the fact that during all the years of my association with Dr. Hill there have never been any words of misunderstanding. I have followed him with an intense personal interest through every phase of his public, professional, and private life and am glad for this privilege to bear witness to his high character and his worthiness as a scientist and educator. I believe that I know him as well as any person living outside of his own family. There came a time when in the course of human events he asked me one day to perform a service for him which brought into his life one of the best women I have ever known and whose influence upon him and his work has had a hallowing effect at every point of contact. From that union has come a brilliant and happy family of children who have been to him and his companion a crown of honor and glory. With all of this exceptional group of spirits I feel it a great privilege to be intermately acquainted and have participated in no small degree in their achievements and happiness. Long live Dr. Hill and his family, and may the day never come when Carthage College shall forget her true benefactor.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

I was born ("of poor but honest parents") on a farm near Leechburg, Pa., December 11th, 1857. My brother and two sisters are still living on the old farm, and we have in our possession the original patent to the farm issued in the year 1788, and purchased by my great, great grandfather, David Marchand, four years later, in 1792. In the sense that all branches of my ancestral tree were well rooted in American soil long before the Revolution, I am one hundred per cent American. Our honored family names are Hill, Kuhns, Steck, Marchand, Ament and Markle (Merkland). These families coming from England, Germany, France and Holland had settled in Western Pennsylvania in pre-revolutionary days. They were among the pioneers of the settlements around Greensburg, Hannah's Town and Ft. Duquesne. My great grandfather Hill was captured by the Indians as he was returning from east of the mountains with a bundle of apple trees. He had gone alone on the long forest trail to get the trees for the settlement, and when he had nearly completed the return journey, and being near the settlement and feeling safe had relaxed his vigilance, he was surprised and captured by a roving band of hostile Indians. He was taken north with other prisoners, one of whom escaped later and told the story. He was planning an escape for all the captives. One of them hoping to win favor for himself betrayed the plan to the Indians. Great grandfather was bound to a tree and left to his fate. What that fate was his family never learned.

My grandfather Hill financed the first public school in what was then Alleghany Township in Armstrong County. The township has since been divided into three. Grandfather employed a German scholar, an impecuniouos lawyer, I believe, named Schultz, to teach his children, of whom, all told there were eighteen—grandfather was married twice. My father was the youngest but one of the eighteen. Having secured a teacher he turned one floor of a detached building which he called his office, and in which he conducted his court, as Justice of the Peace of the Township, into a school room and invited all the neighbors to send their children to the school. Later he made a "frolic" as it was called—invited all the men of the region to join with him in building a log school house located as centrally as possible. As the custom then was, the women of the community spent the day assisting grandmother in preparing a feast for the men, and the festal occasion culminated as such "frolics" were wont to do in a "party," probably a dance—the minuet and the Virginia reel—in Grandfather's big Pennsylvania barn. The school was then transferred to the new school house. When I was a boy the country schools in that part of Pennsylvania had not advanced much beyond the state in which grandfather left them. We had four months of public school during the year, from about the middle of November to the middle of March.

Often a few of the families who were interested in the education of their children would combine to have a "subscription school" for a couple of months during the summer. I entered the country school at the age of six and attended I believe for six years—also I attended all the summer subscription" schools held in our "Shady Grove School House" during those years.

Earlier than that the Lutheran congregation at Leechburg had attempted to establish a parochial school which was called an academy and

had built a rather pretentions building with the financial aid of Mr. William Thaw, father of the more recently famous Harry K. The Academy had not succedeed but the empty building was there and semi-occasionally a young college student would undertake to recoup his finances by conducting a subscription school in the Academy building during his summer vacation. It was a fortunate chance that a young man named Galloway, I believe a student at Washington and Jefferson College, held such a subscription school in the old Academy building just about the time father and I decided it was no use for me to go to the country school any longer. Mr. Galloway's school lasted only two or three months but I attended while it lasted, riding horseback, or walking often, four miles to town and back again every day.

I do not remember anything about Mr. Galloway's School except this, that another boy and I, just the two of us, were studying algebra. We were sent to the board to solve our problems every day. I remember my wonderment because the other boy rarely if ever had a problem solved correctly, but the teacher would say, "very good, that will do." I believe now the experience was of value to me, in making me self-reliant in my work. I so soon learned that the teacher's acceptance of our work, was no evidence that it was correct.

It is probable however that Mr. Galloway did give me some start in the right direction in Latin and Greek, though I merely remember that at the time I thought he knew very little about either language. At any-rate he was the only teacher I ever had in any college preparatory work before entering college. I finished my preparatory work studying alone at home on the farm, chiefly during the winter months. I entered the Freshman class at Gettysburg College, by examination, in the autumn of 1875, conditioned only in the Greek verb—a condition which I easily removed before the Holidays.

I was graduated in 1879. Had honorable mention for the Latin Prize in our Junior year, and received the A. M. in course, and the honorary Sc. D. from my Alma Mater in 1910.

It was not easy for my father to finance my years at College; consequently I taught two years during my Seminary course, one year at Dayton Academy, Dayton, Pa. and one year at Blairsville Academy. I received no help from the Church while a student. Early in my college course I was offered a scholarship by Dr. Valentine President of the College but at father's advice declined to accept it. I was graduated from Gettysburg Seminary in June 1884.

In September of the same year I came to Carthage College as Professor of Natural Sciences, having received my appointment before leaving the Seminary, through the recommendation and influence of Dr. E. S. Breidenbaugh, Professor of Chemistry in Gettysburg College. In the autumn of the same year I was licensed as a clergyman by the Synod of Iowa, at its meeting in Des Moines. The next year I was ordained by the same Synod at Fairfield, Iowa, and I have held my membership in that Synod all these years.

I am a Charter member of the Illinois Academy of Science. I have been a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Sciences ince 1904 and a Fellow of the Association since 1916. Have long been a member of the American Chemical Society; also for several years of the American Association of University Professors. When a chapter of the honorary fraternity P. B. K. was established at my Alma

Mater a few years ago, I was one of a small group of alumni, who at the organization of the chapter were elected to alumni membership.

Note:—This biography was prepared by request and is printed here with the knowledge that many hundreds of students who studied under Dr. Hill during these 42 years will appreciate having the facts it contains.

HANCOCK COUNTY CENTENNIAL WILD LIFE CONGRESS UNDER THE AUSPICES OF CARTHAGE COLLEGE AND THE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, AT CARTHAGE, ILLINOIS, MAY 2, 1925.

PROGRAM.

9:30 A. M. Recreation Room at Denhart Hall, Carthage Colege. Special music. Professor A. E. Boatman, Dean of Men, presiding.
Address of Welcome on Behalf of Carthage College, President H. D. Hoover.
Address of Welcome on Behalf of the County Historical Society, Judge C. J. Scofield.
Response, Mr. Frank Pellett, Hamilton.
Story of Hancock County Pioneer Scientists—Alice L. Kibbe, Department of Biology.
Unveiling of Pictures of Pioneer Scientists.
Special Music.
"How I Began to Teach Science in Carthage College"—Dean W. K. Hill, Sc. D. Department of Chemistry.
Address—Dr. A. R. Crook, Curator of Illinois State Museum.
Song—Everyone.

AFTERNOON PROGRAM.

1:00 P. M. Centennial Tree Planting in the Court House Park by the County Historical Society.
Music—Mendelssohn Choir.
Short Address—R. B. Miller, Chief Forestes of the State of Illinois.
Health-Week Street Parade of the Children of the Hancock County Public Schools, put on by Miss McCoy, County Nurse.
Health movie and a live nature program with movie and slides, for children and others who care to attend—Woobine Theater.
Music provided by music pupils of Miss Susan Davidson and Mrs. Doud.
At the conclusion of the dedication of the County Orphanage, a nature program was held at the Woodbine for young people and adults, Dr. W. L. Bray, Head of the Botany Department at the State College of Forestry, Rochester, N. Y., being the chief speaker.
An informal banquet at the Presbyterian Church was held at 6:00 p. m. The toasts dealt with live topics of the day, along nature lines.

In the evening at 8:00 p. m. the chief addresses were by State Forester Miller and Dr. H. D. Hoover. The evening session was held in the Lutheran Church.

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CONTENTS.

	Page
Gathering Figs — Mary Elizabeth Markley	5
Good Word for Jesus Christ — H. L. McGill	31
Hillsboro College — Amos Miller	21
International Altruism — Scott M. Ladd	11
In Memory of Dr. D. L. Tressler — W. H. Blancke	9
Reminiscences — Emma Cromer Ladd	18
Victory Day Address — David A. Davy	26

WHO'S WHO!

All of the above writers are Alumni of Carthage College, except Hon. Amos Miller, who is a graduate of Carthage's forerunner, "Illinois State University" of Springfield, Illinois. Miss Markley is Secretary of Women Students of Board of Education of the United Lutheran Church. Dr. McGill is a successful pastor, being in his present position the past thirty years. Judge Miller is an attorney, a member of Board of Trustees, and a historian. Dr. Scott W. Ladd was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Iowa when he retired from the bench to continue his legal practice. Rev. W. H. Blancke is one of the best known Alumnus of the College, a live pastor and friend of young people. Mrs. Emma Cromer Ladd is interested in literature, religion and civic welfare. Dr. Davy is one of Chicago's effective religious forces.

GATHERING FIGS.*

Miss Mary Elizabeth Markley, Litt. D.

Please let there be no misunderstanding. I shall not try to give advice —horticultural or agricultural. The truth of the matter is that only in two places—Eastern Pennsylvania and Georgia—have I ever gathered figs. As a little girl once a year I assisted in the solemn rite of removing the annual crop of two or three figs which grew on a tree tenderly nourished and cherished in my grandmother's trim flower garden among canterbury bells and bleeding hearts. Years later a scrubby tree near a weather beaten negro cabin used to yield a few unclaimed and over-ripe figs as the encouraging words of old mamy in the doorway strengthened reaching hands.

If this were not an occasion so dignified as Commencement, I might even remind you that my subject must be taken figuratively. Childhood, youth, maturity, and old age—eagerly or steadily reaching for some tangible fruit. People trying to garner for their storehouses what to them means wealth. Nations straining for rewards and compensations always just beyond their reach, or once grasped, turning to ashes.

And so it comes to pass that wise men from the East like Rabindranath Tagore and Mahatma Ghandi look upon the civilization of the West and say: "You have set your heart upon success—towering cities, vast armaments, the golden sceptre of money. You have achieved them and in the achieving you and your children have forfeited all that is really worth while— the inestimable riches of the Spirit."

And we listen—and wonder!

Your personal goal and mine is ultimately the same. We want to live a life as big and fine and useful as possible. And we want to help our sons and daughters to lead lives bigger and finer and more useful. That's the reason you and I are here this morning. And that is what Thomas Arnold meant when he said to his school boys, "We must be superior to our fathers, or we shall be vastly inferior."

How difficult is this Vocation of Living? Is it harder for us than for our fathers and mothers? We think so certainly because we **Face a Changed World.** Increased control of natural forces and resultant inventions have literally changed modes of living and in a large measure modes of thinking. Modern enterprise and commercial acumen are selling new experiences, vivid excitements, and strange sensations. No wonder this is a day characterized as "superficial." The new, the easy, the specious may expect quick response. Old cultures and disciplines have been discarded—we bemoan the loss of Reticence in Speech, Restraint in Conduct, Respect for Authority, Reverence for Holiness.

Tho we **face** a Changed World, we often reason as if we Lived in a **Static** World. The older we grow, the more assured we are that in our youth or prime we lived in the best of all possible worlds. We all see in past decades the fleshpots of Egypt morally, culturally, religiously. Few of us are willing to admit that relaxation along moral, cultural, or religious lines may be due to inadequacy not of morals, culture, and religion in themselves, but to the inadequacy with which they were woven into warp and woof of character.

We argue on old assumptions. May I give you one all-pervading instance to show how we apply old ideas to a new situation and vainly

*Commencement address June 9, 1925.

look for results. Take the status of woman in modern society. We assent philosophically to her new freedom and equality with her brothers. How can we do otherwise when we see her in the classroom, in the family, in the business circle, in the political world? Of course she is untried and unprepared for much of this new freedom; giddiness, strutting and bad taste naturally often result. The conduct of young women is not following old lines. But we are estimating it according to "the standpoint of our own past which means the standpoint of standards that assumed the inequality of the sexes. If we reflect upon the evasive treatment of sex by the present older generation, its false modesty, its double standard, its complaisance toward legalized lust, and its cruelty toward some forms of unlegalized sex-relations"* ought we be so much surprised at the increasing unconventionality of speech and conduct?

Who of us can say with certainty what is permissible in the new conditions under which women live? To quote a well known educator: "Two generations ago almost anybody could have told with confidence what is womanly and what unwomanly, but who can do so today? I have yet to find a person who can tell **why** it is manly for men to smoke and unwomanly for women; or why anything that is fit for the ears of a young man is unfit for the ears of a young woman; or why it is any more fitting for a woman than for a man to be economically dependent upon a person of the opposite sex; or why it is less appropriate for a woman than for a man to be the head of a household; or why a woman would be out of place in the seat of a bishop or on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States."*

We may Reason as if we lived in a Static World but we don't **act** that way. You did not come here on horseback with wife or daughter, or sister riding pillion. You did not go to bed last night by a tallow dip after an evening playing harpsicord and looking at deguerrotypes. You in all probability did not raise the sheep, plant the flax, card the thread, weave the cloth, make the suit or dress you are wearing here. You do not keep your son or daughter away from school or college to do the work that is done by complicated but available inventions, ranging from the gigantic threshing machine to the Hoover electric sweeper.

Coincident with these changing externals of life to which we do adapt ourselves, are the deeper changing outlooks upon life. Time was when the family was the focus of activities and interests. It lived in a house where orginally the physical labor of maintaining the various members was centered. Even after individuals in the family could give their services to others, they worked for their fellows in their community. The house continued a home in which there were common interests and friends even after children were married. Now a son but rarely works with his father or a daughter with her mother. If money must be earned, son or daughter seeks a position in industry often leading out of the family. If an education must be gained, daughter or son spends long years in training usually away from the family. Contacts between parents and children are not so prolonged nor so intimate as in the past. Occupations, diversions, friends are more divisive. With less communal family life in simplicity or in responsibility, MUST there be lack of guidance, confidence, understanding?

How the Vocation of Living is at the mercy of the **occupation** by which we **earn** our living does not need to be argued. We all know about that. In

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*Coe—What Ails Our Youth—pp. 5, 7, 6.

the industrial world the mechanization and specialization of processes was necessarily followed by the mechanization and devitalizing of individual workers. Our modern system takes for granted "either routinized attendance upon a machine or routinized obedience to superiors.... The trend of organization is toward the elimination of that and discretion from the duties of the largest possible proportion of the personnel."* Joy in craftsmanship or in completed creation there can be none. The only possible compensation is the money return and the things that money provides. Of these the chief comes to be exciting pleasures to counteract deadening monotony of routine. Impoverishment of spirit seeks refreshment for jaded nerves. What a girl in a factory wears on her face and on her body is directly related to her day's work. We all know why her amusements are sought not in a HOME but in a dance hall; not on a golf course but in a movie theatre. Even among people who have money mechanized labor will induce mechanized leisure.

The **Values** of **Modern Life** are jeopardized too by our current concepts of the State. Here there is a deadly dualism. According to our concept the State is unduly exalted; according to another it is daily flouted. "The State represents the modern industrial order, and it therefore gravitates toward economic imperialism."* It represents, too, an established military system and attitude toward war. The assumption that these systems are ethical because upheld by the State sanctions massed selfishness, encourages military establishments, and silences free speech. We have only to recall the treatment of many fair-minded pastors and professors during the period of the World War; we have only to listen to the reasons advanced nowadays for the maintenance of an R. O. T. C. in a cultural college or university. Quite apart from the rightness or wrongness of a war, this concept of a State as an ethical authority leads to the abdication of moral judgment on the part of citizens.

On the other hand the State thru the evasion of its laws is openly flouted. In April, President Emeritus Hadley of Yale in an address on Law Enforcement said:

"If present tendencies are continued they will result in either one of two things: First an increase of police force or control thus adding to the militaristic features of the Government; **or** our fundamental form of government will be changed and instead of a representative democracy we shall have an intelligent autocracy."† Men like Bishop Anderson of the Methodist Church, warn us that the collapse of law is not due alone to the laxness of executives and officers, nor to the levity of a selfish press. It is due in large measure to respectable and good people who act as if laws did not apply to them. Two pictures, please! In a street car in New York City a few weeks ago between advertisements for a breakfast food and for a hairnet, I read these words: "You can't win. You have to get ALL breaks. One little slip means Sing Sing." The words were illustrated by the profile of a man picking a safe and the silhouette of an officer of the Law reaching out toward him. And the other picture? The Governor of a great State this past January calling upon all citizens to make one Sunday a Day of Prayer in Home and Church in behalf of Law and Order!

The **Fine Art of Living** from generation to generation of necessity depends upon changing environment, interests, and activities of people. It

*Coe—Ibid p. 11, 32.

†N. Y. Times—April 30, 1925.

is EDUCATION which must inspiringly point out the opportunites for such living under new conditions. And on the whole Education has been slow to grasp this responsibility. It is more practiced even now in preparing people for occupations in life than for the vocation of living. College administrators and professors would be the first to admit that a study of Economics does not lessen the moral confusion for the individual implicit in the industrial system. And where is the institution courageous enough "to face with students the history and the problems of marriage and the family?" Even the Y. W. C. A. is only just beginning to consider openly this problem! Nor will a course in Constitutional History orientate a citizen in the perplexity of his duties. A study of the Constitution, now favored by the D. A. R. for every public school child, will no more produce good citizens than a study of the Augsburg Confession will produce good Christians!

Some educators are asking out loud what would actually happen if the curriculum were to be organized around such questions as these: What shall I need to know and to do as a voter, a parent, a member of a community, a member of a church, a Christian? There is an attempt at such evolution of curricular studies in the light of a meaningful life, but it is often sporadic or incidental. Orientation Courses, Faculty Advisers, Deans of Men and Women help. So do professors and occasional guests who speak in Chapel, and students who talk in Christian Association meetings.

But after all the most momentous truth about the newness of modern life is that it throws us not only upon new **facts** but also upon new **choices.** Facts, information, skills, can be acquired; **choices** must be arrived at by reason (unless we are content to follow the crowd). **Choice,** even in this day of the emergence of the subconscious, regulates our hobbies—trivial or significant. **Choice** selects our avenues of esthetic or intellectual leisure even in the face of best seller, screen star and radio. **Choice** must develop our loyalties to the great institutions of society—the Family, the State, the School, the Church. And **Choice** must determine conduct if it is to be ethical. Even if we cannot agree with Matthew Arnold's mathematics when he says, "Conduct is three-fourths of life"—we know that it is Education that must help present the moral standards and ideals and even the Categorical Imperative that will bring about the choice of a **good** life.

One more important task Education must undertake with every one of us. It must train the eye to see needs. When these needs are clearly seen, it must point the way to necessary changes if living is to be a fine art. Social evolution will come about only through people "Who are open-eyed toward social needs, and not terrified at the costs of progress."* A life full of meaning for the individual, for the State, for the Church can not be a mere repetition of even a worthy past. It must be a never ending adventure in re-adjustment and re-interpretation.

But after all we here believe that nothing will orientate Life except **Religion.** It is the integrating principle which alone can make Life really fine and useful. It alone can give Quality and Value to Life quite apart from a man's occupation, social rank, or intellectual horizon. Some one says, "It would be possible to sum up almost the entire ministry of Jesus as an effort to teach people the values (or the quality) of Life." What gives quality to Life? In the Sermon on the Mount Jesus summarized his ideas—not arrogance, nor worldly ambition, not wealth, not comfort, but modesty, moral ambition, purity, generosity, love of peace, hardship—these latter elements

*1 Coe—Ibid p. 48.

give enduring quality to life and in turn create happiness. Consideration of these elements makes us realize anew what Dean Inge meant when he said, "Religion is caught as well as taught." Are we perchance in our somewhat futile efforts to **teach** Religion forgetting the contagion in real Religion? The most striking example today of the contagion of a great religious spirit is Ghandi in India. His people have named him Mahatma—i. e. "The man with the great soul." The moral discernment, the spiritual ardor, the quality of life were compelling powers that drew men around Wesley and Luther. The great spiritual awakenings in history have been brought about not only by abstract ideas but by great souls. As Augustine put it, "One loving soul sets another on fire." The Master "chose twelve that they **might be with Him.**" It has been pointed out that "Here was no summons to any great work, but an invitation to a great companionship. Jesus knew that if he could have these men with him long enough to catch his spirit there would be no need of anxiety over purposes or methods" or character. It is this companionship with the Christ to which we are invited and which we must choose if we would know the Joy of Living.

And that Joy of Living will be tempered by the Zest of Struggle. We cannot be Christians living as it were in the twilight zone of consciousness. Nor can we be satisfied with sentimental generalities. "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on Earth," was taught our stammering lips by our mothers, but **praying** for the Kingdom to come is not enough. We are pledged to a participation with God in the bringing in of the Kingdom. We must see needs, we must take initiative, we must risk changes. "He alone is at peace with God who is at war with the powers of evil."

To nations struggling desperately for supremacy, to society bewildered in the mazes of acquisitiveness, to college and church sowing and cultivating the seed apparently so often trodden under foot, to the individual choosing, striving, failing, succeeding, down thru the long years comes the clear voice of our Divine Teacher—"Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?"

IN MEMORY OF DR. D. L. TRESSLER.*

I am not here to extol the character of our President, our friend, and our brother. Many fine and wellsounding eulogies have been pronounced over him. Yet all were but in justice given to him, whose body is mouldring in the dust. But the ears so dull in death did not hear the sound of them, nor did the sunken eyes see the tears that fell. But why do we mourn him

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March 20, 1920.

*My dear Doctor Hoover: I noticed not long since that you desired some little mementoes of President Tressler. The enclosed is the original of the oration that I was honored to deliver at the memorial service conducted by the student body of Carthage College soon after the death and burial of President Tressler. I send it just as I wrote it. I came to Carthage as a stranger in a strange land, unfamiliar with the language and customs. Dr. Tressler was both father and brother to me. I have never before or since felt so keenly the loss of a fellowman. The students knew it and honored my grief and gave me the place of honor to speak for my class. I doubt if there was another person aside from the family who felt the loss as keenly as I did.

Yours very truly,

W. H. Blancke.

now? Oftimes it seems to me but cold, unfeeling selfishness that calls forth the tears and lamentations for those, whom we call dead. Shall we call it weakness then, that our tears do fall? Forbid; tears are but the drops flowing from the fount of grief, that God himself has given to man to cool his passions. Tears are the balm upon the wounded heart.

But who, as he sees the shining light depart from the eye, and feels the lifeblood cease to flow in the veins of his friend—who has not asked the questions: "Is life a barren valley between the peaks of two eternities? Is life a desert separated from Heaven or Hell by the cold, dark stream of death?" Or "what is life?" Life is but a flower that fadeth in a day; It is short we know. The stern and awful monarch of the shades does never spare, he aims his missiles well; and neither tears nor sorrow stay his hand.

Yet the mighty tide of life, of sorrow and of woe rolls on unceasingly, and we are borne along like driftwood on the stream, and yet not so; for there is a work to do for us as well as for each of all the countless millions that are born and live and die. But our duty is never so clear as when we view mankind as a whole, see the needy and distressed, the cast down and sorrowing. But ah, how soon is the impulse of the moment spent, and we sink back into the old road of habit and inaction. Could we but mount some lofty peak, where we could behold the past and present of man's race on earth; would we not then be stimulated to actions which the world so much needs and anxiously awaits.

Then rise with me for a few brief moments, on the wings of imagination, and behold the parents of our race in paradise, the cradle of mankind, as they came pure and holy from the hand of God. But how soon were the scenes of joy and gladness changed into mourning when, because of disobedience, the sentence of death was pronounced on them.

But yet, though the cold, dark stream of death came forth to cross their path, they were not left comfortless; for in his infinite mercy God gave the promise of him who should bruise the serpent's head and conquer death itself. And now as in panoramic view the great deads of many ages pass swiftly by, and by the side of all the river of death is widening; in the misty clouds see the promise written; that one shall come to give light and life to man.

Ages roll on and still no light appears; nations waver between hope and fear; the mist, between the chilling stream and the bright beyond, becomes thicker and thicker. When lo, a bright and shining star dispells the gloom; they say the son of God is born. But men are so accustomed to the darkness of sin that they even hate the Son of God, who came to bring joy and gladness, light and liberty to them.

Behold, on yonder ground a cross is standing with a precious burden, wounded, bruised, and bleeding. He cries: "It is finished," and the dark and misty veil is rent that so long had hindered our gaze to look beyond the stream of death. Soon the aspect of affairs in the vast wilderness are changed. An eager throng is nearing the cross to be cleansed in the fount of blood and to drink of the fount of truth. And as they disperse again each carries with him happiness and joy which are in turn imparted to those who come in contact with the pilgrims from the cross.

There, too, our departed teacher drank deeply. He gathered around him a circle of youth charmed by his genial, joyful love. He left his influence with them and they carry it abroad over the land and through them he will live through the ages to come. And we too for a few short years have come to know, to esteem, and to love him; we, too, have been

charmed with the fire that glowed within his soul; and we, too, have suffered his loss by the merciless tyrant, death. Only yet in the prime of life, he departed from our midst. We are here to commemorate his death; we silently mourn him; our tears for him have ceased to flow. But is that tender tie of friendship and of union broken? Shall his memory ever be forgotten? Shall the cold, unfeeling monument be all that will remain to tell generations to come, that President Tressler lived, worked, and died for us. Or shall a more lasting monument be reared in our hearts and lives, which will tell to the world that we are not cold and ungrateful for the love received? He has died, they say. But he is not dead, he only sleepeth till his Master shall call his body purified and glorified, to that land beyond the tide of death. And could our dim vision but penetrate the veil, that now hides his smiling face from us, we would see him there happy and blest in the presence of Him, who died for all on the cross, from the foot of which came that supporting power which bore him up under the burden placed upon him. Then mourn him not as dead, but rather strive that you, too, may enter the palace of rest to which he in life so often directed our eyes and which now he enjoys in the presence of his Maker.

W. H. Blancke.

INTERNATIONAL ALTRUISM.*

Chief Justice Scott M. Ladd, LL.D., '79.

Prior to and long after the ministry of the Man of Gallilee, the world was ruled by force. Students of history tell us that governments originated in the imposition of the will of a strong man on his weaker neighbor's, either for his and their protection or because of his love of power. This leader later overcame others in like situation and thereby extended his sway. This process went on and on until in the course of time nations were formed into absolute monarchies, the first form of government. These, in turn, were as reckless of the rights of each other as the strong leader had been of the rights of his weaker neighbors. Indeed, the greater part of history is but a record of quarrels between rulers, of their contests for supremacy and their conquests of territories and peoples. Monuments, such as stately columns, triumphal arches, temples, pyramids, erected by the enslaved labor of their subjects, still bear evidence of their fame and glory. Peoples seem to have existed merely for the exploitation of those in power. Nothing was done for the amelioration of their condition. Institutions of charity and benevolence were unknown. Schools did not exist, save as those thirsting for knowledge gathered about the wise and listened to their discourse. Cruelty and neglect was the common lot of the individual whose welfare was matter of indifference to the state, save as he might serve its purposes. The rights of property were regarded as more sacred than the rights of men, and, as these relative rights of men did not concern the sovereign, the law relating to private property attained a high degree of perfection long before the individual was emancipated from the tyranny of rulers. In other words, principles of natural justice, as between man and man, were recognized in the most absolute of despotisms but the struggle of the peoples, to break the bonds of oppression, went on and on.

In the Orient, rulers gave little or no heed to the precept of Confucius: "What ye do not like when done to you, do not do to another," and, in the

*Commencement oration June 24, 1919.

Christian world, the oppressors of mankind sought to avoid through the specious pretence of the divine right to rule the most sacred of the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth: "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." But his teachings of humanity and love and the common brotherhood of man slowly permeated the hearts and inspired the lives of Prince and peasant, until, under their benign influence, governments by men have been replaced by governments of law, enacted with the consent of the governed, in many parts of the world. The Britain now rules his own throne. France has sung her anthem of freedom. The Italians ordain their own laws in the Eternal City. Our country, and others modeled after its fashion, are truly representative of free institutions based on equal rights, equal laws and equal justice for all conditions of men. Such equality necessarily rests on the spirit of altruism which should pervade nations as well as individuals and should substitute for the standard of selfishness and greed, which hitherto has governed the counsels of nations, a new order of things in which the only test shall be, "What is right? What is just?"

One nation, only, enjoying the advantages of civilization, has in our time openly repudiated the precepts of Calvary in its relation with other governments, rejected the principles of international law as taught by Grotius, tenaciously adhered to absolutism in form of government and brazenly proclaimed to the world as its national slogan: "Might is right." Its heroes, Thor and Odin in the days of mythology, were the embodiment of brute force and selfishness. Brandenburg, nucleus of the future empire, was bought with money by the founder of the house of Hohenzollern. His successor added to it by intrigue and conquest until it had expanded into the kingdom of Prussia. Before the time of Frederick the Great, it maintained one of the largest and best equipped armies of Europe. The character of that monarch and other of its kings is indicated by his remark that a ruler is a fool who does not attack his neighbor when weak. To this Bismarck shrewdly added: "And have it appear that his neighbor attacked him." Large areas of Poland were seized and annexed. Schleswig and Holstein were taken by force. Her sway was extended over North Germany through a scheme of confederation and all claim of Austria to South Germany was eliminated by a victorious war. Alsace and Lorraine were taken over upon the defeat of France in 1871 and the Prince of Brandenburg, at last, was crowned Emperor of Germany with power unlimited, save in the enactment of laws and with thirst for conquest unquenched.

The German rulers seem never to have been able to grasp the meaning of the commandment: "Thou shalt not steal," nor that other thought that subjugation of other peoples is inimical to the principles taught in the Sermon on the Mount. It is true that the German mind was awakened at the time of the French Revolution to the idea that personal rule is ill adapted to the wants of a civilized community and has since aspired to a larger measure of freedom, but these sentiments have not influenced to any considerable extent the personal authority exercised by her rulers.

The Hohenzollerns have persistently claimed to have been chosen of Heaven to rule and always have repudiated the idea that the people were in any wise concerned in the selection of their own sovereigns.

With the establishment of the Empire, the process of Prussianizing all Germany began: Internal dissentions were suppressed with a hand of iron; the maintenance of a vast military establishment continued until, under William II, every able-bodied man became a soldier; industry and commerce were organized for war and a system of espionage and propaganda pene-

trated every land. With a dream of World dictation and a purpose of extending her sway from the North Sea to the waters of the Persian Gulf, under the battle cry, **Deutchland uber alles,** she threw the mightiest war machine, organized since the beginning of time ,against her peace-loving neighbors and must have triumphed, but for Belgium having accepted crucifixion rather than dishonor, but for the heroic answer of French chivalry at Verdun: "They shall not pass;" but for the sublime tenacity and moral courage of the Britons in their fight for liberty on land and sea; but for the intrepid struggles of sons of Italy on the mountain tops among the clouds and in the valleys of the Alps; but for the soul of America, resolving that this nation, under God, should have another birth of freedom. The conflict was "for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world, itself, at last, free." This was the answer of the liberty-loving peoples to the question so long ago asked "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Treaties were slung aside by Germany as mere scraps of paper. Austria was an ally after Germany's own heart for she too, had demonstrated her contempt for international obligations by the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in defiance of the terms of the Treaty of Berlin.

Fit companions in arms were the bloody Turks and the calculating Bulgarians! Together, they waged the most cruel and relentless war of all history. Its savagery was without parallel; its atrocities unspeakable. Thousands of non-combatants of Belgium, France and Serbia were maimed, mutilated or murdered; other thousands were carried away in slavery or worse. Womanhood was systematically defiled. Their ideals and practices were those of the barbarian rather than of civilization. Their writers justified any means, however damnable, if promising success. They held up to scorn the exercise of mercy and ridiculed all thought of brotherly love in dealing between nations. Under the rule of William II, the spiritual forces which had produced a Luther, a Goethe and a Kant were diverted into inventors of engines and materials of destruction and the chief concern of his government was the raising and training of men for military service and fostering industries and commerce for the purposes of war. In short, Germany proceeded on the antiquated theory of past ages—that the interests and welfare of the state were the end to be sought, regardless of those of the individual or other nations. Her nationalism was contrary to the precepts of Christianity in that it made the state the end and sacrificed the interests of humanity to the organized national life. Her methods and morals were those of the pagan.

True Christian nationalism thinks of the nation as the means and not as an end. The free nations, contending with Germany and her allies, entertained the idea that governments existed for men and not men for governments. They had long since rejected the view that the state is everything and the individual merely a tool to carry out its purposes. The issue to be settled was whether one or the other of these forms of government should dominate the world; whether it should be ruled by peoples or princes. The forces of liberty were arrayed against the hoards of absolutism. The French, British and Italian soldiers, with the enthusiasm of the Crusaders, "kept up the fight notwithstanding their terrific losses and terrible defeats because they carried the liberties of the world on their bayonets and considered themselves the guardians of the rights of mankind." When all seemed lost our country entered the conflict and, as though by magic, marshalled

her resources, trained her citizens into soldiers and reinforced the staggering sons of freedom on the battle fronts beyond the sea, thereby rendering the most unselfish service ever given the world by any nation. History will record the heroic achievements of our clean, courageous and enthusiastic soldiers at Catigney, on the Marne in stopping the advance on Paris, about Chateau Thierry in throwing back the flower of the German army, at Ballou Woods, St. Miheil Salient, the Argonne Forest and on to Sedan! These and other engagements of the American soldiers contributed largely to the triumph over Germany and the signing of the Armistice. The most bloody and stupendous conflict of the ages was thus brought to a crisis and the sword of the great Republic, which has never been drawn save in behalf of the oppressed, was again sheathed in victory. Many of our soldier boys sleep in the soil of France; others are maimed for life. Their sacrifice could not have been for a nobler cause. The soldiers of 1861 gave their lives and service for the preservation of the freedom of a nation; the soldiers of the World War gave their lives and service to secure the freedom of mankind.

A soldier dying in France, more than 3000 miles from home and loved ones, as he turned his eyes toward the setting sun, declared "I used to wonder at the Cross; not now, I think a man is lucky to have a chance to die for a great cause."

These soldiers, as individuals, may be forgotten; but the principles for which they fought and the results attained shall not perish but will live on and on in a regenerated world.

The Romanoffs, the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns have been driven from thrones and more than 200,000,000 people emancipated from the thralldom of autocracy. Democracies have been set up from the Danube to the Baltic Sea. Russia, after learning that the enjoyment of liberty exacts the limitation that the rights of one man necessarily end where those of another begin, will emerge from revolutionary convulsions into one or more free republics. China has repudiated the rule of the Manchus and though distracted by internal dissentions, is moving toward a brighter day. The sunlight of freedom is searching the dark places of the earth and the dominant note of the nations coming in tune with the ideal of the Infinite: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Hitherto international law regarded all wars, however inexcusable, as legal and all neutrality, even though opposed to the interests of humanity, as moral; but with the triumph of the forces of morality in government a new view of the obligations of nations, one to the other, has dawned upon the world.

We insist upon guiding life in the home, in the school and in society, according to Christian ideals and would infuse these into the relation between labor and capital; why should not these ideals be recognized between nations? If this cannot be brought about, the teachings of Jesus must be regarded as inadequate to meet the demands of civilization. Surely this is not so! The Scriptures teach us that all nations are of one blood, and that we are members, one of another. The nations, also, are members of one another and united by the bond of participation in the common life. Shall the hand say to the foot: "I have no need of thee." If Italy or Mexico shall say, "I am not responsible to the world society," does it follow that so saying makes it so? The more than sixty-eight nations of the world are very dissimilar and unequal but the inequality of nations or races or individuals does not, under the teachings of the Nazerene, mean a chance for exploitation but the opportunity for service.

Service and sacrifice are as essential to national as to individual greatness. Without moral force, ultimate victory seems impossible. Germany and her allies were defeated because their unrestrained physical force aroused the moral forces of the world against them. The teachings of Christ must apply everywhere or nowhere and are as binding on a nation of 100,000,000 as on the lone peasant. Our American troops did not forsake, but obeyed the law of love when they crossed the ocean and undertook, without thought of material gain, to extract the lust for expansion and power from the German soul and thereby render the world safe to live in. Having triumphed in the World War in consequence of high moral ideals actuating the forces of freedom, ought not the nations to organize the moral forces of the world against the repetition of such a conflict and hasten the day foretold by the prophets and sung by the angels when nations shall have war no more and there shall be on earth, Peace, good will to man.

This is the high purpose of the proposed covenant, "to promote international co-operation and to achieve international peace and security." The conference at Versailles is making the first concerted effort of the nations, to organize a body with authority to declare rules of conduct among governments, to adjust differences between nations, to arrange for the limitation of military establishments, to provide for a permanent international court competent to hear and determine any dispute of an international character. Doubtless there are defects in some of the articles of this proposed covenant; perhaps other articles should be added. If so, ample provision for amendments is to be found in the last article. The Constitution of the United States was amended ten times within two years after its ratification, and, if this could be done by our states, when scarcely cemented into a nation, we can see no reason why the nations, bent on a permanent peace, may not, if found necessary, so cure any defects discovered in this covenant.

Projects for the establishment of perpetual peace have been discussed since the days of Louis XIV, but always, prior to the Hague Conferences, with a view of rendering the world safe for autocracy. Hitherto, international morality in Europe has been but a dream of idealists and diplomacy a play for power. But the Great War has put an end to absolutism and enthroned the people. The formation of a league of nations is for the first time safe from the control of sovereigns, and the present is one of the most auspicious time for its creation. The nations are so exhausted by the war that expedients for avoiding its recurrence will be more readily accepted.

The organization of republics in place of monarchies has immeasureably decreased the dangers of war. The peoples of free republics have little, if anything, to gain from conflicts of arms. The moral force of such a league of nations would be a mighty influence for peace. As with the Monroe Doctrine, it would likely accomplish its specified objects without resort to economic coercion, social ostracism or military force. The Monroe doctrine was originally no more than an assertion in a message of President Monroe, with special reference to the American continents, of the right of independent states to pursue their own careers without fear or threat of intervention, domination or subjugation by other states and that this principle would be upheld by the United States. This much without the shot of a gun nor the life of a soldier has been enough to shield the nations from the Rio Grande river to Cape Horn against European aggression for nearly a hundred years. If the mere assertion of a just principle by the president of a free people has wrought such results, what may we not

anticipate from the moral influence of this covenant, entered into on great consideration, by twenty-six free peoples "to protect the nations of the earth, great and small, under a reign of international law based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind." What is proposed in the covenant in effect, is that the Monroe doctrine be extended around the world to the end, in the words of President Wilson, that "No nation shall seek to extend its polity over any other people but that every people should be left free to determine its own polity, its own way of development, unhindered, unthreatened, unafraid, the little with the great and powerful." In other words, nations are to be free to develop within, according to their own ideals, and the league of nations is to shield them against aggression from without. Backward nations are no longer to be regarded as affording the opportunity of exploitation but are to be treated by their more fortunate neighbors in the spirit of the Good Samaritan.

The diplomacy of our country from the beginning has rested upon the principles of right and justice. International disputes have been settled by arbitration. In our dealings with other peoples we have insisted upon the application of these principles. Through the masterful diplomacy of John Hay this country prevented the division of China among the nations of Europe at the time of the Boxer Movement. A like spirit has animated Great Britain in its dealings with this country for more than a century and numerous disputes, such as the Alabama Claims, the Fisheries, the Alaskan Boundary, have been adjusted by arbitration and none of the decisions challenged by either country. The boundary of more than 3000 miles between the United States and the provinces of Canada has not been fortified for nearly a century and no ship of war rides the waters of the Great Lakes. The moral sentiment of these countries has long favored the peaceful settlement of all national controversies to an extent not appreciated by the rest of the world and, if the league of nations is to accomplish the high purposes proposed, this must be under the inspiring leadership of the Anglo-Saxon peoples. They are better schooled in government by law and more ready to sacrifice for moral triumph. As the Children of Israel were called of God to teach the world theocracy, so the mission of the Anglo-Saxon race is to teach the world the principles of true democracy and to lead the nations to accept in their dealings, one with another, the immutable doctrines of the Prince of Peace "As ye would that nations do to you, do ye even so to them."

The world is on the threshold of its greatest venture. To mould the nations into harmonious action for universal peace is a stupendous task. It may require years and try men's souls; but surely the time will come, foretold by the prophets, when the lion will lie down with the lamb and righteousness cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

The nations entering the league must be altruistic and exemplary themselves if they would command the confidence of the world and establish international intercourse on the principles laid down in the Golden Rule.

Clemenceau, Premier of France, in response to a German delegation, asking for food, said: "Our duty is to help. We make war not against but for humanity." And Lloyd George, for the British Empire, declared: "We must not allow any sense of revenge, any spirit of greed, any grasping desire to override the fundamental principles of righteousness." If these men with President Wilson are to reorganize the world into working unity and brotherly co-operation, they must, as the representatives of great and

progressive nations, set the example of patient diplomacy and altruistic dealing in influencing the more selfish and less idealistic nations. There must be a broader, truer nationalism than ever before, but it must be consistent with international justice. Nations must inculcate into their lives, burn into their souls the spirit of altruism. Only when this is done can there be hope for that liberty and justice which will culminate into a universal and perpetual peace.

The promulgation of higher ideals of international life devolves in large measure on the schools, colleges and universities of the land. These must disseminate throughout the world that spirit which makes for high thinking, clean living and right dealing among men and nations—schools which serve not only the state but are a power for righteousness throughout the world. We repudiate that education which teaches the false philosophy of force. We advocate that education which exalts the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount and standardizes the golden rule among nations as well as individuals. Education is the panacea for the vexed problems of the world, today and tomorrow.

The co-operation of the nations in the distribution of food, the international postal union, the telegraph and cable, the wireless and the airship have inaugurated international competition and all departments of human endeavor will be lifted to higher planes of perfection. Men and means will go forth to disseminate the arts of civilization into the remotest corners of the earth. Commerce, education, science and art with the professions will have a broader scope and attain higher degrees of excellence. The ideals of the sculptor, painter and the poet will soar above their narrower confines into a more universal realm. The sunshine of opportunity and progress will canopy the world and educate, elevate and inspire to higher things. The people of culture and spiritual vision shall not hide their light under a bushel but spread it to the teeming millions of the earth and extend the helping hand to their fellows everywhere. As the peoples pass from convulsions of war into the haven of peace, the advent of genius may be anticipated and a world literature appear, broader, deeper and better than all that has gone before. The poet's song of songs will be sung.

A few years ago a boundary dispute which had existed for generations between the republics of Argentina and Chili was settled by arbitration and war averted. On the common border a monument was erected, commemorative of the peaceful adjustment of the differences between these nations, and today, on the highest peak of the Andes, there stands a colossal statue of the Christ bearing a cross in one hand and the olive branch of peace in the other, extending, as it were, a benediction of brotherly love over all the earth and beckoning the nations to that highest standard of altruism which sacrifices, suffers and serves that men may be free and that the world shall have peace.

"For I dipped into the future as far as I could see,
Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that would be;
Till the war drums throbbed no longer and the battle flags were furled
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

REMINISCENCES.

Mrs. Emma Cromer Ladd, A. B., '78.

About the time Andrew Jackson was President of the United States, and a few years later when Calhoun was promulgating the doctrine of secession, and about ten years before when Daniel Webster made that memaroble address at the laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill Monument, Hillsboro Academy was founded. A few men in Boston, eastern land owners, the most prominent of whom was John Tilson, sent him as their agent to Hillsboro in 1834 or 1835. He established Hillsboro Academy. He gave $5000 himself, a piano, philosophical instruments and other equipment. Dr. Shurtleff built the academy, who afterwards went to Upper Alton and established the oldest Baptist college in Illinois. In 1837 the Academy was conducted on interdenominational lines and the citizens supported it generally and for many years it was one of the most important educational institutions in the state. In 1846 A. A. Trimper, a pioneer Lutheran preacher, took charge of the Academy and the charter was transferred to the "Literary and Theological Institute of the Lutheran Church of the Far West." Dr. Springer was afterwards associated with A. A. Trimper and they had a very successful school. There was a ten thousand dollar endowment and it was known as the Lutheran College, was very popular and generally called Hillsboro College. In 1852 it was decided to move this institution to Springfield, Illinois, where it was known as the Illinois State University. It is interesting to note among those citizens who subscribed for its removal to Springfield, that Abraham Lincoln's autograph is placed under a $25.00 subscription.

After the Lutherans relinquished control of Hillsboro Academy, it was still run as an educational institution and was the center of learning in a large territory, and some time in the 60's, professor L. F. M. Easterday, whose home was at Nokomis, about fifteen miles from Hillsboro, took control of it. He had five assistants, namely Hanna M. Easterday, Fannie Kiddoo, Professor Callendar, Will Cress and Mattie Graham. At this time, my oldest brother was of the age and inclination to want a higher education than a common school so he went to Hillsboro Academy, seven miles from Irving, where my father lived. Mother would prepare a week's provision for him and he would carry it on foot back to his school. It was during this time that I became much interested in hearing of the great man and teacher, Professor Easterday, and became determined to have an education myself, altho I was a girl. It was unusual for girls to go off to school at this time, but I accepted no limitations because I was a girl. It is a fact that no other girl in the county that we knew of had a like ambition. So really Hillsboro Academy was the source of the first ray of light that finally led us to Carthage College in 1874. It was really the birthplace of Carthage College. In 1879 and 1880 when some special destiny, unforeseen, perhaps, by F. H. Helsell and S. M. Ladd, led these two brilliant, aspiring young products of Carthage College to select such an unusual experimental station as Hillsboro Academy for the trying of their fortunes for the future. I was invited to assist in this wise undertaking.

A most successful school was conducted, as you might well infer, and it

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*These delightful reminiscences were given by Mrs. Ladd at Diamond Jubilee Exercises June, 1921, and breathe the spirit of loyalty and devotion which should characterize every alumnus.

was certainly a golden opportunity for the young people of Hillsboro to have a college curriculum brought right to their door; for we taught anything and everything they wanted, from Kindergarten to High School and specials in French, Latin, History and mathematics. It was a grand environment and location for a school and for us. The historical old town of Hillsboro with its hills and vales, old trees and shrubs, fine homes and lovely walks, especially Lover's Leap, around thru a winding path among the hills to a precipice of some note. Needless to say the teachers rather more than the pupils enjoyed these walks. Then the building itself was of that old Colonial design, with its four large pillars and wide porch and steps the whole width of the porch; its green shutters against the gray wall; its design in the center above the porch of a large Book in prominent relief, bearing, I believe, the date of the founding of the school, the long approach from one end of the lot to the other between two rows of large elms, made the place seem somewhat classical and not unlike the ancient academies at the time of Plato, of philosophy, science, art and literature. Academies were in these days the principal institutions of higher learning, taking the place of the high schools when colleges and universities were not so numerous. Then the interior of this building was arranged with a vestibule and library in front and a large assembly room on the first floor and three or four rooms upstairs for recitation rooms. This is a description of that building of state wide reputation and a photo of which I have with me and now present to Carthage College. It would not be inappropriate and would even be unique to have a facsimile of this building on the college campus somewhere and for some needed purpose.

This Academy will always be a pleasant memory not only because of its own history and because of its being the birthplace of Carthage College, but because it was during the time we were in charge of this school that the most important event, for the future weal or woe of each of the teachers, occurred. These young men, after having satiated their desires in the experiment of teaching, and having had the dignified prefix of professor to their names sought farther to settle a far more important event in their lives, that of selecting helpmates before they undertook the real battle of life in earnest. As a result each made a contract and sealed with a gold ring the contract. Having become assured that these contracts were good and lasting and feeling after six months of successful and vigorous teaching that it was time to close, as during the spring term many of the students fell out, they announced a large program as a fitting close to their labors. A fine entertainment was prepared, students and professors all taking part. My husband played the part of Doctor Galen in a farce entitled the "Virginia Mummy," and I sang a solo entitled, "Waiting," (rather significant as the ring on my finger would indicate). Sufficient is to say I did wait nearly two long years. The boys betook themselves with Blackstone under their arms to the study of law, feeling they had done some good, if they had not become rich except in prospects, while I remained to teach what was left of the school during the spring term. The next year the Academy was taken control of by the public school board. A high school was established, the only one, but one in the county, and I was employed as principal of this high school.

Thus the circle is completed. The beginning and ending of my school life and the place a contract was made that has not ended yet. So Hillsboro Academy means more to us and the other parties concerned in the contracts than to any others. Of course this school was located just seven

miles from my father's home and I would be more or less familiar with it and its history, but I am somewhat persuaded that President Hoover had an inkling in his mind of some romance connected with it in which I figured so out of his curiosity to know more about it he selected the most available survivor and the one who would be most likely to tell all about it because of her love for learning, her interest in Carthage College and the Lutheran Church and because of the prize she won.

As we grow older in years we come to more fully appreciate the influences that have come into our lives and became part of us and have helped make us what we are.

But we came here not only to talk of the past, however interesting and gratifying but to extend our most heartfelt greetings to the noble men and women here today who are keeping the banners of our beloved alma mater floating in the highest realm of ideal and endeavor.

We note with pride and pleasure the increasing zeal and ever widening fields of conquest and the more universal sentiment in favor of Carthage College. The outlook is propitious for a still more glorious future.

But we believe one of the brightest pages of all its history is being written today under the regime of this able, progressive and enthusiastic president and band of professors, officers, students, alumni and alumnae. We are glad to be counted among them and we appreciate the honor of participating in this memorial program.

May the past 75 years, however great and glorious be but the precious stones in the foundation of a far more glorious super-structure that shall reach high as heaven in its purpose and precepts and extend its beneficent ministries as far and wide as the needs of humanity.

In the primeval pine forests of northern Minnesota lies a beautiful clear lake, deeply ensconced amidst woodsy embankments, fed by internal and perpetual springs. This is Itasca Lake, the source of the great Mississippi river. Then on down through many deeps and narrows, twists and turns, through hills and vales, deserts and oases, we note at the mouth of this river that it bears on its bosom great ships from all parts of the world as it flows into the gulf and from thence thru the Isthmus of Panama, mingles its waters with the oceans of the world.

So from the little beginning in a pioneer village in the then far west the small school at Hillsboro has developed Carthage College that now is sending its students far and wide, richly endowed with a standard education, inspired by loftiest morals and deepest religious conviction from its faith in God and loyalty to his word, for which the Lutheran church is noted. Such men and women thus symmetrically equipped, are being sent out to help in the world's work. Carthage College is becoming recognized as among the most potential and substantial educational forces in all the land. Long live Carthage College! And all hail its present progress and propitious outlook. Kindest greetings to one and all who are in any way helping to bring to pass the brilliant prophesies concerning its future.. We cannot worship God and Mammon but we worship him with it and help to extend his kingdom on the earth. So not only the President and faculty by their strenuous labors and sacrifices should bear the burden of this work, but citizens of Carthage, alumni and alumnae and all the churches of her name can cooperate by their kindly offices and by their means to make this school what we all want it to be, one of the brightest and best in all the land.

HILLSBORO COLLEGE.

Address by Honorable Amos Miller.

I come here today at the request of the President of Carthage College to speak of the "Lutheran College of the Far West," located at Hilisboro, Illinois established 75 years ago. The founding of an institution of learning in any community is an event fraught with the hope by those participating, that it will develop a high standard of moral and intellectual character.

The building in which the Lutheran College was conducted, known in later years as the Hillsboro Academy, was erected in 1835 by public spirited men of Hillsboro, most prominent of whom was John Tillson, who, not only gave the land and the largest amount towards its erection, but also guaranteed to the teachers their full pay and presented the school with a fine set of philosophical apparatus, piano and other equipment.

Among the stockholders the name of Rev. Daniel Scherer of revered memory appears. He organized the Lutheran church there in 1832 when the county was practically a wilderness.

The Academy, being the only educational institution of its kind for a long distance, it was liberally patronized by students from all sections of West and South, some even as far south as the state of Louisiana. Upon its rolls were names which have since become famous in local and state history. Gov. Zadok Casey, educated his children here. Prominent families in the state at that time moved to Hillsboro to educate their children. Among them were Gens. Kitchell and Alexander of Paris, Thornton of Shelbyville, Harry Wilton of Greenville and others.

In 1846 while Rev. A. A. Trimper, a Lutheran minister was principal of the Academy, a movement was put on foot, resulting in the organization of the Lutheran College. Act of the General Assembly of Illinois, was passed and approved January 22nd, 1847 granting a charter to the "Literary and Theological Institute of the Lutheran Church of the Far West" to be located at Hillsboro, Illinois. For five years following, the Academy was known as the Lutheran College and was managed very successfully with Rev. Francis Springer D. D. as president while Rev. A. A. Trimper, his assistant, had charge of the female department in the Lyceum Building.

Believing Springfield a more favorable locality for the college, the Act of the General Assembly of Illinois was amended, approved and in force June 21st, 1852. By this amendment certain persons named therein were created a body corporate and politic, for the purpose of founding and maintaining in or near the city of Springfield, Illinois, an institution of learning, to be known by the name of the "Illinois State University."

It may be of interest to give the names of the trustees of the Literary and Theological Institute at Hillsboro at that time. As given in the amendatory Act they were Revs. L. P. Esbjoern, E. J. Donmeyer, C. B. Thummel, Mr. J. P. Lilley, A. J. Stroh, Revs. Ephraim Miller, A. A. Trim-

*Reckoning from the beginning at Hillsboro in 1846 Carthage was 75 years old in 1921. In commemoration of that event Judge Amos Miller delivered this address. Mr. Miller is a graduate of Illinois State University, Springfield, Illinois the immediate forerunner of Carthage College and of which Carthage is the continuation.

per, Messrs Edmund Miller, Absalom Cress, David Gregory, Jacob Cress, Jr., and Rev. Francis Springer, D. D. these most of whom resided in Hillsboro, together with John T. Stewart, James C. Conkling, Richard V. Dodge Elijah Iles, and Rev. Simon W. Harkey, nearly all of the latter, resided in Springfield constituted the first Board of trustees of the "Illinois State University." From 1846 to 1852, while a Lutheran College, it was generally known as the "Hillsboro College," and was a popular Hillsboro enterprise, and had the support of the citizens of the community, without regard to denominational lines. At one time Dr. Springer, of whom I shall speak later, Dr. A. A. Trimper and others, circulated a petition to partly endow the college. The plan was to raise, by subscription to Scholarships, the sum of $10,000. The interest to be used in running the institution, paying its instructors etc. One subscribing $125 would be given a scholarship good for twelve years; one subscribing $200 received a scholarship good for twenty-five years, while one subscribing for $400 received a perpetual scholarship. The fund was raised and quite a number of young people received the tuitional part of their education from these scholarships. They were transferable and frequently poor young men were allowed to use them without charge by the owners as an act of philanthropy. With the surrender of the charter and the removal of the college to Springfield, these scholarships became worthless. In April 1852 the institution began operations in the City of Springfield. It may be with modest pride that the citizens of Hillsboro and their Lutheran friends claim the honor of founding the first "Illinois State University," and that the Hillsboro College, was the **ALMA MATER** forerunner of Carthage College, our present progressive and prosprous institution, whose diamond Jubilee we are celebrating to day. Her influence has directed the intellectual and moral forces of many students and alumni of several states of the middle west.

The early struggles and career of a prosperous and successful college is often lost sight of, yet it is marked by vigorous, sometimes vehement, struggles to free or avoid the obstructions to progress and success. Like the broad, deep river which rolls its majestic waters to the sea, with scarcely a ripple on its bosom, tells but little of the movements of the mountain stream it once was, of the chasms it has leaped, of the precipices over which it has fallen, of the mountains through which it has cleft its way, of its devious course to avoid what it could not surmount, until in its well defined channel it becomes the source of blessing to all within the range of its beneficent influence.

If the time allotted me permitted, I would speak of some of the pioneers who gave their energies and ability to instruct the young in the Hillsboro College. Among them was Prof. Edmund Miller, a Lutheran and an able teacher, full of enthusiasm, kind in disposition, ready at all times to help along and encourage young people. The late Judge Edward Lane of Hillsboro, a distinguished lawyer and a member of Congress for four terms, gives Prof. Miller the credit for getting his education. When Judge Lane, a lad of sixteen years of age, came to Hillsboro he had not then learned to read or write. He told me, Prof. Miller soon met him and suggested he should come to school at the Academy. Lane did not want to do this, giving as his reason, he was so big and over-grown, he did not want to be in classes of small boys and girls, it would be embarrasing to him. Prof. Miller replied we can arrange that all right, you come to my home and I will give you private lessons until you are advanced far

enough to go in classes of your age and size. This he did and Judge Lane, at the age of sixteen, began his schooling.

Rev. Francis Springer D. D. who had charge of the Lutheran College while it was in Hillsboro, it was my good fortune to know personally in latter years. To know him was to revere and love him. His qualities of mind and heart compelled ones admiration. It was a delight, as well as a source of information and instruction to hear him in conversation. He possessed a large fund of general information, and his style of preaching was impressive, dignified and eloquent. His manners were courteous and in his intercourse with people as genial and full of kindness. In stature he was of stocky build, rather under size in height, large chest and shoulders, dark complexion with a large head containing a very large, active and fertile brain.

He was not only an able teacher and an eloquent preacher, but was an all round man, abreast with the times, interested in all internal improvements and the social betterment of the community in which he lived. From his personal experience he would relate incidents, which, when told by him were interesting stories as the following one will show: "In the early fifties the people along the line of the Terre Haute, Alton and St. Louis railroad (now the Big Four) were called on by the Company to lend the credit of their respective counties in aid of the enterprise, Doctor Springer was residing at Hillsboro and was president of the then young and thriving Lutheran College at that place. He volunteered with Hon. E. Y. Rice and Judge William Brewer to go forth among the people to induce them to vote for a subscription by the county of $50,000, which was finally carried by a majority of only seven votes. In a record of the incident written by himself I will quote as follows: He says "I had an appointment at Van Burensburg, a place now nearly gone to decay. Within a few days of the time for me to fill the engagement, information was brought to Hillsboro that the people down there were hostile to the railroad, that I would not be permitted to address them on that subject and that I might receive bodily injury if I should go there. However I went Judge Samuel Haller and Rev. A. A. Trimper accompanying. As we neared the place, the unfriendly reports grew more numerous. My clerical brother became alarmed and advised retreat. Judge Haller, on the other hand said, "No, on! on! and we'll see." A large gathering of men and boys awaited the speaker. They were seated on the ground, or standing against the trees. In the midst of my speech a flask was drawn from the pocket of a young man directly in front of me. It was handed round until it came to a youngster who held it towards me and inquired; "Say, little preacher, wouldn't you like to have a little of the critter." "Not just now, I thank you" was my reply as pleasantly as I knew how. About an hour's talk in which I did my best to convince them of the many advantages of the railroad, and how easy it would be for the county to pay the $50,000, a venerable citizen, a Baptist preacher originally from Kentucky, arose to reply. His name was Sears—familiarly called "Pap" Sears. Never, perhaps, was a public speaker more completely discomfitted, overwhelmed and utterly "used up," than I was.

"Now boys, I'm going to tell you that this 'ere tarnal thing they call a railroad is nothing but a Yankee invention. Now boys, hold out your hands, here's mine. You see your hands and mine show work. Look at the little preacher's hands—jest feel of 'em, if you want to; they're as soft as a baby's hands. And then, when that tarnel thing comes thunderin' and

smokin' and snortin' and screamin' over the prairie and through the woods, it'll skeer all the cattle an horses and hogs that it don't kill, clean off the farms. And besides, in less than six months there wont be a feather, a hoof or a hair of prairie chicken, turkey or deer in all these diggins'. Then what are your guns? What are they good for when you've nothin to shoot at?"

With all his singularities of grammar, Mr. Sears possessed the true ring of the orator and his oration to that crowd was the winning feature of that day's work. When the polling came there was but one vote in that precinct in favor of the railroad."

At the breaking out of the civil war, Dr. Springer gave up his position as city Superintendent of Schools in Springfield, for the purpose of volunteering for the ranks, but was refused by Capt. Ellsworth. He was soon however sought as Chaplain by the officers of the 10th Illinois Cavalry. His regiment, with others, fought their way to Fort Smith Arkansas, an old military post of the U. S. where, by order of the Secretary of War, he was made Chaplain of the Post. He did not believe in the arbitrament of arms for the adjustment of opinions, doctrines, policies and correction of errors, but his intense loyalty and patriotism for and of his country impelled him to offer himself a sacrifice in defense of his country in the time of its peril. While at Fort Smith he was appointed Superintendent of the Freedman's Bureau and wisely and energetically managed its affairs. One of the stories he told, of his experiences in that relation was one of an old colored woman coming to the office one day to see him and when he found time to listen to her story it proved to be a request for a bureau. She said she had never had one and it was something she had always wanted, and having heard that Uncle Sam was giving a bureau to all the freed colored people, she wanted to apply for her share of the government bounty and would "Marse Springah" please pick her out a nice one." After the civil war, he resided again in Montgomery county. Dr. Springer was elected in 1873 County Superintendent of Schools of Montgomery County Serving for a term of four years.

As an inspiration and guide to the younger generation, it is helpful to relate the personal characteristics of a truly great and good man. This I have attempted in rather a dissolutery way, but I have not spoken of his humble birth in Franklin County, Pa., of his being left an orphan boy when only six years old, his mother dying first, when he was so young that he retained only the dimmest remembrance of her, of his being indentured at the age of six until he should be twenty-one to an innkeeper, who was by the terms of the indenture to give him only six month schooling, that his desire to acquire more education, through the advise of friends, at the age of fifteen years left, with only a "fipenny bit" as the stock of his finances, and went to Hagerstown, Maryland. Here, weary and hungry, he drifted up against a benevolent citizen who heard the lad wished to learn a trade. An engagement was entered into by which he remained with his benefactor four years during which time he learned "sign and and ornamental painting." It was during this period he attended a course of instruction in the Lutheran Catechism and united with the church by confirmation. The suggestion that he educate himself for the ministry was made which suggestion, after due and careful thought, was accepted and he went to Pennsylvania College and Hartwick Seminary, N. Y. After being ordained as Minister of the Gospel, he came to Illinois in 1839 where he engaged in teaching and preaching and as President of the

Lutheran College at Hillsboro, which position he resigned after the removal to Springfield, but remained a member of the Board of Trustees of Carthage College until his death.

The far reaching influence of a man of his type and culture is hard to estimate. He believed in education and endeavored to inspire in the young, a love and a desire for knowledge. He was intensely patriotic and loyal to the principles of freedom and to the doctrines of the Christian Religion [as viewed by the] Lutheran Church. When he came to Illinois, 1839 then the "Far West" there were no railroads at that time in the state, no telegraphs nor telephones. The means for travel then were by the slow stage coach over prairies where there were scarcely any roads and across streams without bridges. Abounding with enthusiasm, he faced the future and an unknown and untried country to him, to build up high ideals in the minds of the young in the west at Hillsboro. It is men of such character, with will and foresight, who have laid the corner stone of our educational system, in fact of our great government; to the arms of men like him, we are to intrust the safety and custody of our government and its institutions, in all time to come with the hope and trust future generations may continue to enjoy the blessing of religious and civil liberty. Men who became prominent as preachers, lawyers, jurists and in other callings, received their education at the Lutheran College at Hillsboro during the time it was under the direction of the Lutheran church, and of Doctor Springer and after it ceased to be the church's institution, private school from time to time was conducted there by Lutheran instructors. Among those receiving their education, at least in part, if not all, were Rev. G. A. Bowers D. D. Judge J. J. Phillips, who became a member of the Supreme Court of Illinois, Hon. Edward Lane who served four terms in Congress, Hon. J. M. Truitt, Hon. George W. Paisley, a member of the senate of Illinois, and many others who could be named, were proud of the fact they received their education and inspiration from the Hillsboro College.

In 1880, after nearly a half century, the ground on which the Academy building stood, was transferred to the city to be used as a public school. In 1887 the old building, a two story frame parallelogram; a portico in front, with four large fluted columns, doric capitals supporting the gabel in the triangle of which a design of an open book or Bible from within which radiated rays of light or halo, was removed to a vacant lot in the south part of Hillsboro, where it now stands in the process of disintergration, decayed and dilapidated. To perpetuate its architectual simplicity and beauty, the public library built of stone and brick just across the street from the old Academy site is architecturally a replica of it.

Doctor Springer and others who were active as instructors in the active days of the Lutheran College at Hillsboro, are dead, but their deeds live. They live in the memories of those yet living who knew them. The art of printing and the mighty elements of nature now impressed into the service of mankind, give every action on the stage of life, the need of immortality and hand down to posterity the good and evil of every generation and actor. Should not this fact prompt us to an exalted idealism, and to earnest efforts looking to the greatest good of our fellow men, inspiring in the souls of men and women a flame of patriotic devotion to the truth, and holding out a new hope to civilization, to the end that error shall be crushed, and that truth and righteousness shall be triumphant.

And I pray God may bless Carthage College.

VICTORY DAY MEMORIAL ADDRESS.*

Reverend David A. Davy, D. D.

Mr. President, Returned Soldiers, Sailors and Marines of Hancock County, and of the College, Members of the Student Army Training Corps, Members of the National Guard, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It seems ages ago, but it was in 1914, that peace delegates were enroute to a peace conference at the Hague. Suddenly the world was startled as European nation answered ultimatum with ultimatum, and then horrified, as declaration of war followed declaration of war. Those were terrible days and months and years. In Europe vast armies were mobilized. Powerful engines of destruction were put into operation. The discoveries and devices of science and invention were utilized on land, in sea, and in air. It seemed as though civilization had undertaken self-annihilation.

We were hoping that the awful conflagration would be stayed by the broad Atlantic. But the Lusitania was sunk. There were serious plots threatening our national integrity.

On April 6, 1917, we entered the World War.

There were nineteen months of feverish activity. Great cantonments were established. Cities were builded. From our homes and churches and schools went forth the very flower of the manhood of our Country in defence of liberty and democracy. The winning of the war against autocracy became the business of the whole people. The issue was with God.

The end came almost as suddenly as the beginning. On November 11, 1918 the Amistice was signed and the multitude went wild with joy.

The peace treaty has been formulated. A League of Nations is provided for. The "Boys" are coming home.

This afternoon we meet with a two-fold purpose:

To welcome you who have returned from these months of honorable service for the nation,

To do honor to the memory of those who were called upon to make the Supreme Sacrifice.

"We welcome you back—you gallant men
War summoned from our shores,
Your khaki hosts that come again;
Triumphant to our doors.
We welcome you back with ready hands
And greetings of good cheer
With stirring blare of clashing hands.
And banners far and near.

"We welcome you back with gratitude
That shall not fade nor fail.
War is no thrilling interlude,
No mere dramatic tale.
Your service which we laud today
Defies us to forget
And calls for service to repay
An everlasting debt.

*Delivered June 23, 1919, at the planting of Boyer memorial elm. Dr. Davy was pastor of Merle X. Boyer, our one Gold Star boy in whose honor a tablet has been placed on memorial gateway pillars by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Boyer.

We Welcome You With Proud Acclaim.

Those were thrilling soul-testing days, in 1917, when you were called to the colors. You were true to your heritage bequeathed by the men of '76 and of '61. While the world stands the story of your sacrifical purpose, your splendid valor, your marvelous achievements, will be told and retold. Coming generations will be roused to unselfish and noble deeds because of your idealism and your willingness to fight and if need be to die in the cause of democracy and liberty. Your efficiency has amazed the nations. Your consecration has quickened the world.

We Welcome You With Gratitude Most Profound.

We remember that you went from home and loved ones to fight our battles. We remember that it was for us you endured the discipline of the camp, the dangers of a submarine-infested deep, the hardships of the trench, the maddening din of the cannon, the burns of deadly gas, the wounds from bursting bombs. We remember that it was for us you passed through the "hell" of war.

Gratefully, with an inexpressible appreciation, we welcome you home, to the county, to the college, to the state, to the Nation, to the Church.

As a tangible token of appreciation for the service of Carthage men, during the World War provision is to be made for the erection of a "Memorial Gateway" at the entrance to this campus. Upon it the names of Carthage students and alumni who were in service will be carved in stone or cast in enduring bronze.

We Welcome You With Thanksgiving To Almighty God.

In the last analysis, every real victory is from Him. Who was above and beyond President Wilson during all these crucial years? Was it not that God of wisdom and justice and might, who guided the decisions and declarations of Washington and Lincoln, who, in answer to the prayers of the God-fearing people, has ruled the decisions and declarations of President Woodrow Wilson?

Who made the submarine of non-effect against the troop ships of Uncle Sam? As they bore our percious boys across the briny deep? Was it not that God who, of old, divided the waters of the Red Sea, that Israel might pass through in safety?

Who strengthened our untried, unseasoned, briefly trained, but heroic and God-fearing Sons of America, who "over there" were instrumental in turning the tide of battle? Was it not Almighty God, who through the ages has ruled and overruled the decisive battles of history, Marathon, Arbela, Hastings, Waterloo, Saratoga?

Who stayed the on-rushing host at the Marne, at Verdun, at Chateau-Thiery? Was it not the unseen God of battles who directs the destinies of men and nations? That God who stayed the Moslem hordes at the Battle of Tours, A. D. 732 and saved Europe from the Mohammedan menace? That God who gave Gustavus Adolphus the victory at Lutzen, November 16, 1632 and presented Protestantism for Europe and the world?

Who has ruled and overruled for the abdication of autocratic monarchs in Russia, and Germany and Austria Hungary? Was it not that God, who, with invisible hand inscribed upon the walls for Belshazzar, "Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin."

With Moses we would "Sing unto Jehovah for He hath triumphed gloriously. Jehovah is our strength and Song, and He is become our Salva-

tion. This is our God and we will praise Him; our Fathers God, and we will exalt Him."

We Welcome You To Great Tasks.

May it not be, as time moves on, that the world war will seem to have been incidental? International relations and domestic questions require attention. Fundamental problems demand solution. Law enforcement and the strengthening of the Constitution; the maintenance of Civil and Religious liberty; the Americanization of masses of the population; social and industrial reconstruction; the equitable distribution of the rewards of labor; the promotion of righteousness and justice; the advancement of Christian brotherhood; the extension of the Kingdom of God.

The times of peace no less than days of war call for courage, idealism, unselfish devotion, persistent enthusiasm.

Your achievements in war have been great. Even greater may your accomplishments be in peace.

We Bow With You In A Common Sorrow.

We do honor to the memory of the host of the heroic dead. They made the supreme sacrifice. Though dead to earth, through faith in Jesus Christ, they ever live in realms celestial. Reverently, lovingly we would perpetuate their memory.

This afternoon we are here in particular to honor the memory of a loyal son of Carthage. A star on the Service Flag of this college has changed to gold. The soul of Merle Xerxes Boyer took its triumphant flight October 9, 1918. Just merging into manhood, potentially a soldier, he gave his best, his all, in his Country's Cause. We ponder the possibilities of his strong young life, and those myriad other young lives.

How shall we do honor to his memory and here perpetuate his Spirit? Shall we erect a statue of Parian marble? Rather let his monument be a tree.

Samuel V. Cole in his poem "The Trees" has beautifully imagined something of kinship between the trees and human kind.

THE TREES.

By Samuel V. Cole.

"There's something in a noble tree
What shall I say? a soul?
For 'tis not form, or aught we see
In leaf or branch or bole.
Some presence, tho not understood,
Dwells there always, and seems
To be acquainted with our mood,
And mingles in our dreams.

"I would not say that trees at all
Were of our blood and race,
Yet, lingering where their shadows fall,
I sometimes think I trace
A kinship, whose far-reaching root
Grew when the world began,
And made them best of all things mute
To be the friends of man.

"Held down by whatsoever might
Unto an earthly sod,

They stretch forth arms for air and light
As we do after God.
And when in all their boughs the breeze
Moans loud, or softly sings,
As our own hearts in us, the trees
Are almost human things.

May we adapt those significant lines of Edith M. Thomas.

"Let dead names be eternized by dead stone,
Whose substance time cannot increase nor mar;
Let living names by living shafts be known,
That feel the influence of sun and star.
We plant a tree whose griefless leaves shall sing
Merle's loyalty each fresh unfolding spring."

His monument a tree. What tree? A tree indigenous to the soil of this land. The tree of trees, the American Elm, emblem of liberty and loyalty; that liberty for which he loyally gave himself. Is it not fitting that an American Elm should be planted as Merle's mounment? No other tree so significant in American history.

It was in old New England, where Merle first saw the light of day, that certain American Elms came to be known as "Liberty Trees." They were selected because of matchless size and beauty. In Providence, R. I., in 1768, such an elm was dedicated to the "Sons of Liberty."

It was near Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love, Merles boyhood home, that, in 1683, William Penn made treaty with the Red man, declaring: "We meet on the broad pathway of good faith and good will, no advantage shall be taken on either side, but all shall be openness and love."

Were it not well in this day, if the contending forces of capital and labor would meet beneath this, or some other Liberty Elm and loyally make treaty with the words and in the spirit of William Penn.

It was at Cambridge, July 3, 1775, beneath that American Elm famous in song and story, that Washington assumed command of the Continental Army in the initial struggle for enlarged liberty on this American Continent.

Merle's monument this American Elm. May its hallowed precincts bring, year by year, to those who pass by or rest beneath its welcome shade a message of liberty, loyalty, life; the life that now is and that which is to come. Here may students of future years get inspiration to high thinking, noble being, unselfish doing. In the poesy of Bryant's "Forest Hymn,"

"Be it their's to meditate
In these calm shades,
Gods milder majesty,
And to the beautiful
Order of His works
Learn to conform the
Order of their lives."

Merle's monument this American Elm, emblem of loyalty.

Was not loyalty the keynote of his life?

He was loyal to the Country.

Of patriotic and loyal ancestry, though a mere boy when the scourge of war came, yet with a host of other boys he was eager to do a man's

part. With determination he pursued his course at the Fort Sheridan Reserve Officers Training Camp. His rating was high. In September he entered enthusiastically upon the discharge of his duties in the College Student Army Training Corps. It was his loyalty to the "Stars and Stripes" and his anxiety to do his full duty at the flag raising that led to the exposure which resulted in his death.

He Was Loyal To Carthage.

God only knows all that the extension of Merle's year had meant to Carthage. We prophesy that they had meant much. This stalwart earnest young soldier boy would have become the loyal and enthusiastic collegian.

How he would have rejoiced in the splendid future which opens for Carthage as the Church nobly responds to Mr. Henry Denhart's munificient challenge. How he would have helped to realize the greater Carthage which is assured under the efficient management of the Board of Trustees and the able and consecrated leadership of President Hoover and his associates on this Faculty.

Had he been permitted, with what "College Spirit" Merle would have entered into the celebration of the Semi-Centennial Year.

Today does not his loyal spirit find worthy expression in the words of "Carthage College Forward Song,"

"Forward Carthage College!
Never cease to grow
Strong and fair and useful,
Conquering every foe,
First in Christian standards,
First in schoolcraft too,
First in fearless research,
First in service true.
Loyal Carthaginians,
Hear the great command:
"Forward! Forward! Forward!"
All for Carthage stand."

He was Loyal to Christ. With such lineage how could it have been otherwise.

Merle was not a hypocrite nor a formalist. He did not carry his religion on his sleeve. He was just beginning to experience the profounder realities of faith. In Confirmation he had taken for himself the vows of the Church. He was not demonstrative. "Deep waters run still." His cherished "Pocket Testament" gives unmistakable evidence of his fundamental loyalty to Christ.

He was just at the beginning of life.

This tree, now immature, in harmony with law divine shall grow until wide-spreading branches afford a gracious shade and beautify this landscape.

Therein is parable of that development in realms beyond whereby that which here was incomplete, through Christ shall be completed there.

This tree after unnumbered years may moulder into dust even as man's body returns to Mother Earth, but that liberty which it symbolizes, for which you, and he, and they loyally gave your best, your all, under God enlarged, extended, completed, shall endure until the kingdoms of this world become the Kingdoms of our Lord and His Christ.

Merle's monument here this American Elm. His sustenance yonder

the Tree of Life. "For having overcome, through Christ, it is given to him to eat of the Tree of Life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God."

—Rev. David A. Davy.

A GOOD WORD FOR JESUS CHRIST.*

COMMENCEMENT SERMON.

Reverend H. L. McGill, D. D.

"Wherefore, God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name."—Phil. 2:9.

The speaker made reference in his introduction to tender passages in MacLaren's "Beside the Bonnie Brian Bush" called, "His Mother's Sermon," in which an old Scotch woman who is dying pleads with her son to speak a good word for Jesus when he shall be called to the ministry and shall preach for the first time in his "ain Kirke," and to first sermon which he preached in his own church, when fresh from the Seminary, wherein he spoke a good word for Jesus Christ. The remembrance of these events were responsible for the choosing of the subject.

If anybody does not believe in his deepest soul that the world is growing better, let him now speak quietly to himself, or let him forever after hold his peace. I grant you that from a material standpoint there has been little improvement over the ancients.

Someone has said that China has not been excelled in the stability of her institutions, and Egypt has not been reached in the skill of her mechanics. Twenty centuries have not added to the grace of the Greek column, or to the strength of the Roman arch.

No proverb has supplanted the wisdom of Solomon. No statesman has surpassed Moses or Solon. Nor has Alexander been surpassed in military science, Plato in philosophy, or Cicero in eloquence.

We have to-day the great masterpieces, but the great masters are dead. We have the classic literature, but the writers are not our contemporaries.

But when it comes to moral progress, the old world has put on her seven league boots. We are a better world we have higher conceptions of God, we have nobler ideals, we have more splendid aspirations, we have a keener sense of duty, we have a more sensitive conscience, we have an inheritance of righteousness more splendid than even the noblest ancients could entertain in dreams.

But shall we understand for a moment that these things have come to us apart, or that they are possible apart from the spirit and the influence of him who was given a name that is above every name?

It will not be denied that among the sons of men there hath not been born a greater than Jesus Christ of Nazareth. He was no warrior—led no army—anticipated none of the discoveries of science—did not enunciate the law of gravitation, nor chemical affinity.

He wrote no books—founded directly no institutions—simply lived,

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*Preached at Carthage, Illinois, June 22, 1919 by H. L. McGill, D. D. member of the Board of Trustees.

wrought, died and went hence. While he was here upon earth received the highest praise of his contemporaries—ranked among their greatest prophets. If we must name him, he shall at least be accorded an appellation that has about it the saintliness of devotion and the nobility of heroism.

Among his own immediate circle no phase was adequate to express their devotion, other than which has become the classic of Christianity, namely, "Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God."

Among modern peoples no word has been found high enough to express the appreciation of scholars, scientists, warriors, statesmen, skeptics. Renan—"free from all selfishness and thought only of himself." Napoleon —"no comparison between him and whosoever else in the world."

Poetry lays her choicest flowers upon his name. Tennyson. Sidney Lanier. Browning. There cannot be found one writer who has never done him honor.

Is this Jesus of Nazareth entitled to supremacy? Has he a right to bear the scepter and to wear the crown? Has he made good his primacy in recorded history? We are to deal with simple facts:

It is a fact that in the realm of intellectual genius Jesus not only has no equal, but transcends all other thinkers as far as the heavens transcend the earth. He occupies a place unique, solitary and alone.

The Magna Charta and the Declaration of Independence are not the greatest documents on the rights of man—but the Sermon on the Mount. The most glorious poetry that has ever been born comes from the lips of the Galilean peasant, as he bids men consider the lilies of the field, and the birds of the air, or, as he gives that gracious invitation, which is music set to words, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden-ed, and I will give you rest."

If you shall discover the possibility which is in every man to be lifted unto heights of which he never dreamed in his lower moods, where shall you find such motive and inspiration as in that story which shall never grow old so long as there are sinners in the world who want to give up their sins —namely, the story of the prodigal son.

In the realm of character it is a simple fact that Jesus stands forth pre-eminent and supreme. Fleckless, flawless, immune from criticism. Ninteen hundred years ago he challenged the men of his own generation by flinging down the gauntlet—"Which of you convinceth me of sin?" No one has taken it up. He is the White Christ—pure as the driven snow—glorious as the white light of the noon-day sun.

Who can fashion a face on any canvas that shall glow with the beauty of his holiness? Who shall carve a statue that shall tell of his immaculate purity?

In the realm of suffering Jesus is unapproached and unapproachable. There has been placed upon the brow of no sufferer a crown of pain like unto that which glorified the man of sorrow in his agony.

Men have died on a thousand battlefields. The mount where Prescott bled and Warren fell is holy ground. But between Bunker Hill and the little hill outside the city wall of Jerusalem there can be no comparison.

Jesus is more than the world's martyr—his is a perfect soul, gathering unto itself such pain, such agony, as only a perfect soul can know. Infinite the difference between the crosses which line the Appian way and the cross whose summit reached the heart of God, and whose base went down to the deepest needs of humanity.

In the realm of influence all that is true, beautiful, noble, good, is directly traceable to Jesus of Nazareth. Back of the most splendid heroism that the world has known is the spirit of the hero of heroes. Back of all the refining and ennobling influences which have given to us our civilization are the principles and teachings and spirit of the Son of man.

Home and marriage have been brought to their present significances by the unseen leadership of the unseen Christ Highest in art made possible by him who has kindled the imagination and opened wide vistas and given the painter to see something more than the walls that shut him in.

Literature is powerful, effective and soul-stirring only as it sets forth the principles of Him that spake as never man spoke. Life has been influenced by Him who wrote only one line, and that upon the ground.

It does not need more than a simple recital of facts to prove that Jesus Christ has right of way—that he has proven his primacy—that he has established every claim which he made—that he has the right to rule and reign—that he is the way, the truth and the life.

I am thinking of him this morning as he manifested his mastery over the souls that were lost—his wonderful supremacy in dealing with the sinful, the discouraged, the weary and heavy ladened, the destitute, the outcast, the great submerged element of humanity.

He made men believe that despite sin, with all the consequence of it, life was still worth living. He converted despair into hope and transformed hope into courage, confidence, achievement and success.

He made the grafter Zacheus believe in honesty and to be honest. He caused the tear-stained face of Mary Magdalene to be lifted up to the sky with something of the glory of recovered self-respect shining from it, and her name has come down through the ages glorified by his touch, his smile, his love.

He has told the story of the prodigal son and given men to understand that however far they may have gone away from truth and righteousness, there is yet time to redeem the day, and there is awaiting a joyous welcome home. What was his secret?

I might make answer by speaking of his personality, but that would involve us in a consideration of his unique and metaphysical relationship to the Father. So let us think of him as the Son of Man, moving among the weary, discouraged, broken-hearted, making the desert to bloom as the rose.

Reply of Phidias to student who asked for the secret of his art: "I cannot in a day give you the principles which govern sculpture, but I can show you an expression of it." And the curtain was drawn aside and the student looked upon the wonderful statue of Minerva, and there, under the spell of that beauty caught the inspiration for his art.

And so, when we seek to discover the secret of Jesus in dealing with sinful men, we may give the answer in one word—Love. He went about doing good. He had compassion on the multitude.

The secret of his magic was love—Love that led him to discern the good beneath things evil—to awaken slumbering possibilities of man—to energize the discouraged and to send them forth with new faith and with something of a splendid heroism.

It is wondrous how by loving men he made them conscious of their own capacity for love. There was no call to identify with any organization or institution. His call was, "Come unto me." There was something so

splendid about him that they fell prostrate before him; something so beautiful about him that they fell in love with his loveliness.

By loving them he made men conscious of their own possibilities. 'The sky is grey, the stars have gone out, the sun has gone down and nothing is worth while." But when he came and spake, it was as though the spring sun shone upon a bleak landscape, and it suddenly felt the stirrings of life in every seed and twig and plant.

And so these tired souls felt the hidings of their power—the stirrings of a new life—the splendor of a coming morn—and they went forth to their task with a new courage in their hearts and singing a new song. He gave to these barren lives "vision."

He spake of God and a dread presence became a loving Father. He spake of duty and it was no longer drudgery and men were bearing burdens as though they were wings. He said, "Look!" and the sky line was dissipated and the great splendor of an undreamed life burst upon their vision and eternity became only another room in their Father's house.

Another secret of his hold over men was his call to the heroic. It was not a call to go out into the fields and gather flowers, nor to sit and gaze upon the glory of earth and star and sky. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me."

And the hard fisted fisherman dropped his task and went after the man of ideals. His tone was always peremptory, though it was as gentle as the caress of a mother who is placing a kiss of love upon her baby's cheek.

One is reminded of the challenge of Garibaldi—"Those who follow me have before them only danger and death—no barracks, no future—only danger and death—but if you love home and fatherland—follow me."

That was the call that Jesus sounded in the ears of his generation, and is one explanation of the fact that the weak man suddenly became strong —the timid man courageous—and the man who felt that life was a failure, suddenly plunged into the fray.

If the Church of the Living God shall summon men to do something splendid there will be no wanting of followers of this man who never called men to any task that meant a tentative hold—but a grip. Not to self-staisfaction but to self-sacrifice.

The name of Jesus is ever growing greater, fairer and brighter. High above all earth's mortals is this name, beyond which it is impossible for the imagination of man to go. Jesus of Nazareth is a finality. No gospel is greater than his. The last line has been written in-so-far as the conception of righteousness is concerned.

No picture has been truly great which has not been painted in his name—no statue has been carved that is worthy to last unless carved under the spell of his spirit; no literature is going to survive that has not caught inspiration from the few simple words and the wonderful life of the Master.

I have spoken very imperfectly and poorly of the Master and the secret of his magic. But can you discover the secret of the musician as he lays hold upon the feelings of your heart? Can you describe the secret of the orator as he holds spell-bound the great audience under the sway of his speech? How then shall I describe the secret of the Master?

But this I know, He is leading on. "Every knee shall bow and every

tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." Some day, somewhere, the cry is going up:

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates
And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors,
And the King of Glory shall come in."

I wonder if we shall ever sing with a new meaning—we of this generation—the old song which has stirred the hearts of millions:—

"Bring forth the royal diadem
and crown him Lord of all."

This is Christ's world and we are not going to give up an inch of it. We are not going to allow any government to exist independent of him. The spirit of government must be the spirit of Jesus. Remember the old prophecy that the government should be upon his shoulders.

God is marching on—we do not see as Moses did even the passing of his glory. But his White Presence is in the world and skies are brighter and stars are shining with a lustre that they never had before, and this old world is going God's way, and the great music is coming forth in mightier volume year by year and century by century.

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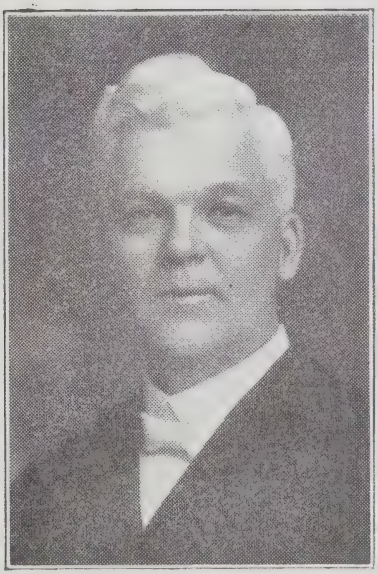

DR. H. M. BANNEN, D. D.

N E W S

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REV. HUGH M. BANNEN, D. D.
THIRTY YEARS—A RETROSPECT.

Rev. Hugh Martin Bannen is a native of Pennsylvania. Early in life he came west. After varied experiences in Michigan and Illinois, he decided to gratify his long desire for a College education, accordingly he entered Mt. Morris College in 1882. This was eventful in that it was here he met Miss Cora E. Maloney, whom he afterward married. In 1884 he entered Carthage College, worked his way by teaching Latin, and was graduated in 1888. That fall, with his new bride, he entered the Theological Seminary at Gettysburg, Pa. Finishing the course he accepted a call to an abandoned mission work in Princeton, Illinois. His ministry there was blessed of the Lord. Many members were added, peace was established and a new church building was erected free of debt.

In the fall of 1895, the newly organized Lutheran Mission of Rockford extended a call to Rev. Bannen which he was led of the Lord to accept, although at a great financial sacrifice. On April first, 1896, he came and now for thirty years he and Mrs. Bannen have worked hand in hand for the upbuilding of Trinity. Mrs. Bannen, in her sweet and gentle way, has always been a true helper. How well they have, under the guidance and blessing of the Lord, you all well know.

The years have brought a great harvest, an evidence of unusual ability and great physical strength.

Outstanding Events.

1896 Dr. Bannen became pastor of Trinity Church.
1898 Old Church purchased.
1900 New Church dedicated.
1904 Parsonage purchased.
1911 First Deaconess assumes duties.
1914 New Organ installed.
1914 First Missionary, Dr. Aberly, supported.
1915 Trinity House purchased.
1916 Sunday School annex built.
1919 Assistant Pastor assumes duties.
1919 Second Missionary added, Dr. Neilson, Africa.
1921 Third Missionary added, Rev. Hepner, Japan.
1923 Calvary Church organized—Trinity's First Home Mission.
1924 Miss Emma Johnson, Trinity's own Missionary, goes to India.
1925 Calvary Church building dedicated.
1925 Messiah Church—Trinity's second Home Mission—organized.

Looking Back Over Thirty Years.

3728 Members have been received into the Church.
1216 Infants have been baptized.
4109 Marriages solemnized.
2332 Funerals.

Note: Rev. Hugh M. Bannen, D. D., has been a trustee of Carthage College 1896-1902 and from 1909 to the present time. He was president of the Executive Committee 1900-2, Vice President of the Board 1911-1916 and from 1917-25. Carthage delights to honor this distinguished son. Dr. Bannen delivered the chief Commencement address at Mt. Morris College, May 28, on subject "Finding and Filling a Place in Life."

$167,550.00 raised for Benevolence.
$412,746.00 raised for All Purposes.

Today—The Result of Thirty Years of Labor.

Trinity Lutheran Church has—
Three ministers in Rockford.
Four ministers in foreign lands.
2,500 resident members.

Two Home-Mission Churches.

Calvary Lutheran Church, S. E. End.
Messiah Lutheran Church, Lincoln Park.

April 8th a Great Day.

The Ladies' Aid Society prepared a fine banquet for Thursday evening, April 8th, at 6:30, in honor of the Thirtieth Anniversary of Dr. and Mrs. Bannen. It was a great banquet, a very enjoyable evening. The first 400 to secure their tickets were the fortunate ones. There was a fine program. Speeches and merry making, singing, and music by Trinity's own orchestra. There was thanksgiving, too, for the bountiful blessings of God upon our Church and upon Dr. and Mrs. Bannen and their children.

PROGRAM.

Toastmaster—Mr. Arthur L. Johnson.

Solo: 'Where'er You Walk" ..... Handel
"Down Here" ..... Brahe
Mr. Rupert Johnson

Address ..... Rev. H. M. Bannen, D. D.

Trio "Faith, Hope and Love" ..... Shelley
"Lullaby" ..... Brahms
Mrs. Ethel Hardy—Miss Gladys Ratcliffe
Mrs. O. Garfield Beckstrand

Address: "Greetings and Congratulations From the Illinois Synod"
Rev. John M. Bramkamp, D. D.
President of the Illinois Synod

Quartet: *"The Old Road" ..... Scott
"Blow, Ye Gentle Breezes" ..... Marks
Trinity Quartette

Address ..... Rev. John Gordon, D. D., Pastor Second Congregational Church

Solo: "Love and Service" ..... Gale
"Smilin' Thru" ..... Penn
Mrs. O. Garfield Beckstrand

Greetings ..... Mr. A. L. Anderson, Member Calvary Lutheran Church Council

Greetings ..... Mr. Wm. A. Dennis, Member Messiah Lutheran Church Council

Address ..... Mr. P. A. Peterson, Life Member Trinity Church Council

Greetings ..... Mrs. Arthur L. Johnson, President Ladies' Aid Society

Doxology—"Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow"

Benediction ..... Rev. H. M. Bannen, D. D.

Mrs. Homer T. Evans, Pianist

*Adapted for the occasion.

MESSAGES OF CONGRATULATION AND GREETINGS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

These came to the Editor to be presented to Dr. Bannen after publication.

REV. L. B. WOLF, D. D.
Treasurer, Foreign Mission Board, U. L. C.,
Baltimore, M. D.

My dear Dr. Bannen: March 12, 1926.

It must be a supreme joy for you to stand at the close of this first generation of service for Trinity Church, and to cast your eyes backward over the years by which you have come as Pastor of the great Church.

Permit me as an old friend to most heartily congratulate you upon reaching this completion of service as Minister and Pastor of Trinity Church. You have wrought most faithfully in all those deep interests which make for the establishment of the Church of Christ in the community, as well as in the world. Your zeal and devotion in the cause of Foreign Missions has been a great inspiration, not only to my own life, but it has been an encouragement to other Pastors, as they have seen what you and your Church have undertaken—to carry out our Lord's great command, to "preach the Gospel to every creature."

I need not say more than this, but I pray most earnestly that the spirit of Trinity congregation and of those who minister to it in the years that are before it may one and all be inspired by the same great zeal for world-evangelization. Confident am I, that as long as you remain Pastor in the pulpit of Trinity Church, it will be no uncertain word which shall proceed from you in respect to our Lord's great commission to His Church.

Hoping that you may celebrate your fiftieth anniversary in the fullness of your days and in the continuance of your ministry, I am, in the service of our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ,

Your friend and brother,

(Signed) L. B. WOLF.

HON. J. H. HALLSTROM
Mayor of Rockford.

March 11, 1926.

Rev. H. M. Bannen,
412 LaFayette Ave., Rockford, Illinois.

My dear Mr. Bannen:

On April 1st of this year, you will complete your 30th year as Pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church.

To me it would seem that having served as Pastor of the Trinity Church for all those long years, together with your contact with a large number of people, and still being able to look ahead and plan for the future good of your congregation—and to be loved and revered by all; old and young, that that, in itself, must be a great satisfaction to you. As great a satisfaction perhaps, as that of the members of your church in having you with them.

The wonderful record you have established—the love and affection you have given of so unstintingly to the cause of christianity—your broad-mindedness on public problems and issues, as well as your tolerance toward your fellow men. All of those things stand out in your career and in your life and work as a Beacon light well worth looking up to and well worth following.

It is because of my admiration for you that I am prompted to write you on this occasion. Also because I appreciate you as a man, as a minister, and as a citizen, and above all as a man who has stood the test and carried on the work through all sorts of difficulties, and that you now can look back on your life work and feel that everything has been exceedingly worth while.

Permit me therefore to congratulate you on the splendid work you have done during your 30 years with the Trinity Church. At the same time I also wish you continued success and the best of health to you and yours.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) J. H. HALLSTROM.

HON. EARL D. REYNOLDS
Judge of Circuit Court, Winnebago Co.

March 12th, 1926.

Dr. H. M. Bannen, Pastor, Trinity Lutheran Church,
Rockford, Illinois.

My dear Mr. Bannen:

My attention has been called to the fact that you will round out thirty years of service as Pastor of the Trinity Lutheran Church of Rockford, on April 1st, next. I am, therefore, writing you a line to express my appreciation of the splendid service which you have rendered not only to the Church of which you have been Pastor, but to the community in general. It has been my good fortune to have known you personally for more than a quarter of a century and during that time to know something of your work. Rockford people are proud of the number of outstanding ministers in the churches of the City. No profession calls for greater self denial nor greater effort than that of the ministry. You have displayed impressive zeal without severity; you have exercised fortitude and leadership without offense. When results can be obtained such as have come to you and Mrs. Bannen your efforts have been worth while. Your work here deserves a niche in the Hall of Fame in the history of our city.

It is not possible for me in this short note to adequately express the depth and breadth of your influence for Rockford's good over these thirty years. I extend my hearty congratulations to you and your wife and wish for your continued success in our city and community.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) EARL D. REYNOLDS.

REV. S. P. LONG, D. D.
Pastor, Wicker Park Lutheran Church

Chicago, March 12, 1926.

My dear Brother:

On April first, we generally try to fool each other, but there will be no fooling in Rockford when Dr. Bannen celebrates his thirtieth anniversary as Pastor of Trinity Church. The flu is not good medicine to dictate letters, but what I have to say about Dr. Bannen shall be said to you and it can all be expressed in two big words.

HOW BLESSED.

First of all, how blessed Dr. Bannen has been to have had such a city and such people to minister to for 30 years, and how blessed Trinity Lutheran Church has been to have been served by such a man of God. Some

ministers can stay 50 years in one church, rather in one charge, but there are few who can be a blessing to a congregation for many years at a time. Dr. Bannen has been an exception and the longer he resides among his people the more Christ-like I am sure they will become. The blessing has not remained for Dr. Bannen in the Trinity Lutheran Church but has reached out to the city of Rockford.

My own experience in a beautiful city in Ohio, in 16 years, leads me to believe that Dr. Bannen has touched the whole city and not only the whole city, but the whole Lutheran Church of America. There are some Lutherans who are so very Lutheran that their Lutheranism may be questioned, but Dr. Bannen is the kind of a Lutheran that makes himself felt in a Christian Church which we confess in the Apostles Creed. His faith has helped him to be a blessing to heathen lands and every Sunday the Gospel light is shining a little brighter in Japan, India, Africa and in all the world just because Dr. Bannen has been 30 years in Rockford.

How often Dr. Bannen and myself have walked arm in arm and truthfully told each other how we loved each other and I am frank to confess that any one who can love me can love most anybody, so I too acknowledge my blessing for having been with him all too little, and hope to meet him often.

Now if you want him to know what I have told you about him, you may do with this letter what you please. I pray God to add youth and years to his life and make strong to serve his Master to the last minute.

Yours most fraternally,

(Signed) S. P. LONG.

REV. J. W. JOHNSON,

Pastor Emmanuel Lutheran Church, Rockford.

To the Reverend H. M. Bannen, D. D.

Pastor of the Trinity Lutheran Church, Rockford, Illinois.

Dear Brother:

I have been informed of the notable fact that on the First of April next you complete your thirtieth year of unbroken ministry to your people, and the Emmanuel Church and pastor would add our congratulations to the many that will be extended to you upon this happy occasion of celebrating the completion of a ministry that has proven so delightfully pleasing and so immensely fruitful.

Three decades in the same pulpit and before the same crowded pews proves your worth.

One score and ten years of that sympathetic pastoral service to souls within and without your own church has characterized you to this community, indelibly, as "a good shepherd" and not a "hireling," a thousand kind ministrations bearing thousand-tongued testimonies to your unselfish and altruistic motives.

Our voices mingle with the tremendous shout of all Rockford in acclaiming the lasting worth of your service and bespeaking for you a sunset not less glorious than the sunrise, and with an abundant harvest and many jewels in your crown.

Sincerely and affectionately yours,

(Signed) J. W. JOHNSON.

REV. JOHN GORDON, D. D.
Pastor, Second Congregational Church.

March 15, 1926.

My dear Dr. and Mrs. Bannen:

We want to be among your many friends who are thinking of you as you end thirty years of Christian Service in our city. What changes you have seen during this time but what a mighty force you have been for righteousness in our city. You have stood for religion in all its purity and you have been a preacher of the Word of God in all its power. We admire you and love you and may the Good Lord, who has seen fit to so bless your ministry, continue with you and may you both have thirty years more of blessedness among us.

Most sincerely,

(Signed) MR. AND MRS. JOHN GORDON.

REV. H. D. HOOVER, Ph. D., S. T. D.
President, Carthage College.

March 11, 1926.

Dear Doctor Bannen:

Congratulations upon your thirty years of service as pastor of Trinity Church. Your loyalty to and distinguished service for the College as an Alumnus and Trustee and Pastor gives me occasion to express praise and thanksgiving for all you are and have accomplished. Gifted with a dominating personality and consecrated spirit you have influenced a great many people, leading them to higher and holier living. God bless you with health and happiness through all the days still to blossom in your life. Heartiest greeting to Mrs. Bannen, your charming helpmate.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) H. D. HOOVER.

MR. AUG. P. FLOBERG,
Vice-Pres. Manufacturers National Bank.

Rev. H. M. Banner,
Rockford, Illinois.

Dear Friend, Dr. Bannen:

Congratulations:

Heartiest Congraulations:

Little did I realize, when told a few days ago of your approaching 30th anniversary as a Pastor at Trinity Church, that so many years have passed since the time when I first began to see you in my daily contact with the public. I, too, have served a long time in a business way as your neighbor and we have both passed the best years of our life in quite close contact.

When I think of the great many people whom you have helped, young and old, I come to a small realization of the tremendous good which you have exerted in this locality. What a real pleasure it must be to have arrived at your station in life having the friends that you have, and the respect of so many people in and out of your church.

I earnestly hope that you may be with us for many years to come. The moral effect of men such as you is absolutely necessary in our community.

With best wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) AUG. P. FLOBERG.

REV. F. H. KNUBEL, D. D., LL. D.
President, United Lutheran Church,
New York, March 15th, 1926.

The Rev. H. M. Bannen, D. D.,
Rockford, Ill.

Dear Doctor Bannen:

News has come to me of the thirtieth anniversary of your pastorate. The work you have done has been a mighty one and is widely known. I feel more inclined to congratulate your congregation and your city than you. May they realize at this time what a blessing has been theirs. Christ rightly says that one human life is worth more than the massed riches of the whole world. It is a rich human life which Trinity Church and Rockford have received as a gift through your long service. The piled up wealth of the whole of Rockford cannot pay for that gift. May the people manifest their gratitude in the only true way, by giving their hearts anew to the Lord who gave your life to them. May they love you the more because you approved God's gift to them by offering your life through Him to them.

Faithfully yours,

(Signed) F. H. KNUBEL.

HON. W. W. BENNETT, ROCKFORD,
President Illinois Anti-Saloon League.

How fast the years roll 'round. It does not seem possible that you are finishing thirty years of glorious service in this city.

You have seen much accomplished in that time. For the part that you and your good wife have had in the development, I am grateful.

You have had good health—what a blessing that is. You have been industrious in His name. It has been yours to see the reaping of a great harvest. That is glory enough.

Your courageous stand always for temperance and prohibition, has been of the greatest service, not only to the movement in Rockford, but in the State and Nation. You enlisted when the workers were few and the enemy was a host.

Our prayers at home and in Morton Bennett's family will be that you and yours may be with us for many, many years, for the good you may do, the good you may enjoy.

Cordially and sincerely,

(Signed) W. W. BENNETT.

REV. JOHN M. BRAMKAMP, D. D.
President Illinois Synod, U. L. C.
Chicago, Ill., March 12, 1926.

Rev. H. M. Bannen,
412 LaFayette Ave., Rockford, Ill.

My Dear Doctor Bannen:

You are about to celebrate your thirtieth anniversary as pastor of Trinity Church. This will be a very happy occasion for the congregation, and a matter also in which the Illinois Synod is interested. In behalf of our congregations and pastors therefore, I want to extend heartiest felicitations at this time. It must be a joy to you, to think back of the humble beginnings and then remember how God has used you and your good people through these years. His blessings have been upon your efforts.

The congregation has grown wonderfully, until now it is the largest in our Synod, but its growth has not been confined to numbers, for it has followed the scriptural injunction to grow in the "Grace and the Knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ." Its interest in missions is manifested by its gifts and especially through its support of its own missionaries in our several fields. It has been an inspiration to all of us. You have the joy of knowing that you have brought the comforts of the gospel not only to thousands of souls to whom you have ministered directly, but to many others also who have never heard the sound of your voice.

The brethren of Synod hope that you will be able to minister for many years to Trinity Church and its good people and that besides the two missions already established in Rockford, other churches will be needed to look after those whom you have helped to bring into the kingdom.

With kindest personal regard, I remain

Very cordially yours,

(Signed) JOHN M. BRAMKAMP.

MR. CHAS. J. TRESSLER

Member Board of Trustees, Carthage College.

Chicago, Ill., March 13, 1926.

Dear Doctor:

They tell me that for thirty years Rockford has been glad to call you its citizen, and well may she be, for in those thirty short years—years full of work, struggle, hardship and self sacrifice, you have built up an institution of which not only your city is proud, but which also is the pride of the Lutheran Church throughout the land. You have made your city a better place in which to live. Your record stands out as a model and a guide for the younger generation.

This reminds me that our acquaintance goes back much more than thirty years. I, a small boy in Carthage, you, the big, fine looking, upstanding college student—the envy of the men and the pride of the girls—and as for little me—well, it was a joy if you asked me to carry a note for you.

Well do I recall the day your graduated, the great speeches from the near preachers, the music of the "imported" orchestra. How you so soon thereafter joined that good family that has meant so much to us both.

The years have flown, yours has been a great and a proud record, but while others may tell of your great work for the Church and for your city, may I add a line on behalf of our Alma Mater and on behalf of its Board of Trustees. We thank, you, Doctor, for your great work on behalf of our College, for the time and effort spent for her, and for the great assistance you have been to her. To have been on the Board with you has been a pleasure, and the other members join with me in thanking you for your work and with the hope that you may be a member of the Board for years to come.

Hugh M. Bannen has always been a model for me—would that we had more like him.

To the State of Illinois and the City of Rockford congratulations for having him as a Citizen. To Carthage College, also congratulations, for having him as an Alumnus and a Trustee.

Your thirty year record looks like a goodly one, but it is the hope and prayer of us all that this may be doubled, and that your marvelous record

of growth shall be extended in geometrical progression, as heretofore.

With kindest regards to Mrs. Bannen.

Sincerely,

(Signed) CHARLES J. TRESSLER.

(Trinity News.)

AN EASTER LETTER FROM MISS EMMA JOHNSON—INDIA

To Her Home Church.

February 5, 1926. Guntur, India

Congregation of Trinity Lutheran Church,

Rockford, Illinois.

Dear Friends of Trinity Church:

"The secret of getting on is getting started" is printed in bold red type on the first page of the New Calendar. I realize that this also applies to letter writing. You, my friends of Trinity, occupy many of my thoughts and it is with the keenest of interest that I read any message that I receive from you although I do not seem to get "started" in wriing many letter to you.

I have been most interested in hearing of the organization of the new Messiah Lutheran Church in Lincoln Park. No doubt there is much work to be done in that rapidly growing section of Rockford and I am glad to know that you have undertaken this new piece of work. You are indeed a live missionary church. I was also glad to read that you have made one of your members a parton of the Andha Christian College. Your contribution of the $1,000 will resuit in the Christian education of some of our Telugu boys and they are worth while. The organization of the Andha University is a big project and the Lutheran Church all over the world is watching its development. We have just come from the Council meeting held at Rajahmundry and have listened to some heated debates concerning where the University shall be located. Rajahmundry, Guntur and Bezwada are the centers under discussion and at present it looks as if it might be the latter place. However, that remains to be seen. Wherever it will be located, without doubt, it will be a lasting memorial to the Lutheran Church in America and will stand as a symbol of her love to those in a far country who, too, are worthy of the opportunities which a Christian University offers. I am glad Trinity has a part in the big task.

Even a new missionary's life is crowded with things to do and varied are the occupations. The days fly quickly by leaving undone many things which ought to be done. In back of our compound are several rows of houses called the Police lines and it is here as the name implies, the "Enforcers of the law" reside. Early in the morning, way before sunrise, the clear notes of the bugle, sounded by our Policeman neighbor, awaken us from our slumber and call us to our varied tasks. After quickly dressing, enjoying a period of quiet, the breakfast (called chota) gong rings and we eat our meal of fruit, breakfast food, coarse grain called rogi, eggs, toast and coffee. I always enjoy my early meal called "chota." It always has been my most enjoyable meal and it is so in India. The fruits here are lovely, large sour oranges or small sweet ones, mealy bananas and at this time of the year delicious fruits in sections something like the orange, but red in color or white on the inside. It has a different flavor from anything I have tasted. Immediately after chota we have servants prayers, stammer out in Teluga a few words of encouragement

for the day and then hurry out to the "Munshie," teacher' who is waiting on the verandah. He is Brahmin—knows no English but very much Telugu and is good in imparting his knowledge. An hour later a Christian Munshie comes, Mr. Joshua. He is Mr. V. Ch. John's brother; by the way,—a fine Christian gentleman, knows his Bible thoroughly and expresses himself fluently in English. He stays an hour and then makes room for another Brahmin who, too, stays an hour. At eleven we eat our noon day meal. After a little rest I hurry over to my English class. Two nours of teaching and an hour of supervising completes the regular schedule of work and I go away for a game of tennis. It is a rest after a strenuous day. The evening is a lovely time to be out. The sunsets are an inspiration. The sky is usually brilliant, a glorious setting for the towering mountains in the foreground. The everlasting mountains! How I love them! No wonder David wrote,

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
From whence cometh my help,
My help cometh from the Lord,
Who made Heaven and Earth."

To this source we, too, can go to strengthen us for the daily tasks of duty which we must accomplish—all of which help to complete the great task of spreading His Kingdom.

You will be reading this at Easter time—the time when Christians all over the world rejoice because of the Risen Lord. May yours be a blessed Easter time and may you as members of Trinity Church and the Church Invisible continue to be the means of sharing the Triumphant news all over the world.

Sincerely,

Your missionary,

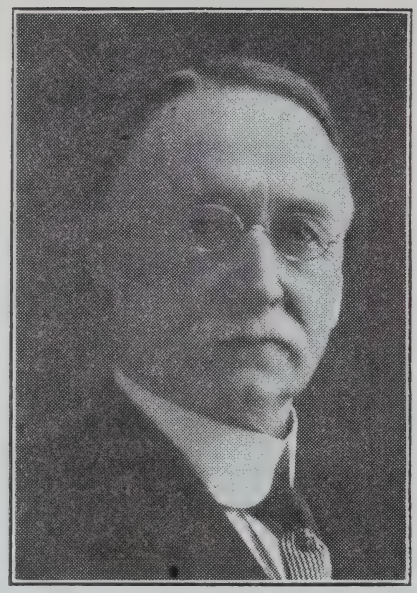
(Signed) EMMA JOHNSON.

REVEREND PROFESSOR E. F. BARTHOLOMEW, Ph. D., D. D., L. H. D.

Dr. E. F. Bartholomew was born at Sunbury, Pa., March 24, 1846, and ordained to the holy ministry in Washington, Ill., March 28, 1875. Practically all his life has been spent in the work of Christian education, having been identified particularly with Carthage College, at Carthage, Ill., of which he was the president, and with Augustana College at Rock Island, Ill. His present position Dr. Bartholomew has occupied continuously since September, 1888, a period of thirty-eight years.

The above account appeared in a Lutheran periodical in connection with the 80th birthday anniversary of Dr. Bartholomew. This anniversary was observed by his friends with greetings and special exercises.

Dr. Bartholomew was a member of the famous first faculty and the only survivor thereof. From 1884 to 1888 he was the fourth president of Carthage. He did a fine piece of work as a teacher and executive. He is a great teacher in that he awakens in his pupils the dominating desire to want to learn. He is a clear thinker and loyal to the high principles which characterize his thought and conduct. Thousands have been taught by him and hold him in the highest esteem and admiration. He is a type of scholar, educator and gentleman, which enrich and enhance the community in which they live. Many happy returns, Doctor.



HON. AMOS MILLER, Esq.

Hon. Amos Miller, Esq., is a graduate of Illinois State University—the name of our mid-west Lutheran College from 1852 to 1870. Being a graduate of the forerunner of Carthage College, a faithful Churchman and interested in higher education, he has been an able and friendly adviser as trustee of the College.

For over fifty-five years Mr. Miller has been superintendent of the Lutheran Sunday School at Hillsboro, Ill., and the services he has rendered the church and her institutions, the cause of better civics, awakens admiration and gratitude.

Judge Miller has served as trustee from 1908-16 and from 1918-26. 1909-10 he was a member of the Executive Committee. Because of inability to attend Board meetings, Mr. Miller retires from the trusteeship at the close of the present school year. Carthage recognizes in him an able counselor and helpful friend.

DR. G. M. SCHMUCKER.

The Rev. Dr. G. M. Schmucker was born August 19, 1857, in Pentleton Co., W. Va., the son of Rev. George Schmucker and the ninth member in succession in this family to follow the Gospel ministry. Bro. Schmucker received his preliminary education in the Polytechnic of New Market, W. Va., finishing his college course at Capital University, and three years later, in 1883, completing the prescribed course in the Theological Seminary of C. U. He entered the active Lutheran ministry at Carrollton, O., where he labored successfully until 1887 when he accepted a call to the Waynesburg parish of four congregations, Waynesburg, Malvern, Mapleton and Paris. Again very successfully did Pastor Schmucker cover this large parish with the ministrations of the Word.

In 1893 he came to Canton and proceeded to organize the Martin Luther Church of which he was the faithful pastor until the Lord called him higher.

This congregation has grown to be one of the larger and more prominent congregations of the Joint Synod. It numbers about 800 communicants; has an excellent church property and stands forth as one of the leading congregations in liberality and loyalty to the work of Synod.

In 1895 Rev. Schmucker was instrumental in founding the Zion Lutheran Church in S. W. Canton, now served by Pastor C. D. Besch. For many years the deceased also served the St. Paul congregation, East Canton.

In 1924 the title of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon our brother by Carthage College of Carthage, Ill. Pastor Schmucker's was a busy life. He had time for everyone. He was at home among all classes and thousands of souls have been helped in the Christian life by the Gospel ministrations of Pastor Schmucker.

The following, from an editorial in the Canton Daily News, indicates the high regard the community at large had for our brother:

In the death of Rev. G. M. Schmucker Canton lost one who combined with peculiar effectiveness the qualities of both minister and man. At the time of his death his continuous service in Canton was longer than that of any other pastor now active here, a striking tribute to the success of his method of work.

He was, first and foremost, a minister of the Gospel who saw the church which he organized grow to be a power in the community but all the time he retained the human qualities which put him on easy and friendly terms with his fellowman.

His association with this newspaper was typical of his characteristics. It was his custom to bring his weekly announcements to the editorial rooms in person and no caller was more welcome than this minister with his air of sincere cordiality and his friendly greeting.

He was a disciple of the school of theology which believes that the church's chief function is the teaching of religion and he won admiration in the church and out because of the devotion with which he followed this ideal, combining a zeal for his work with a large measure of kindly understanding for those whose interests centered on other things.

The loss occasioned by his death extends far beyond the confines of the congregation of Martin Luther church which he served so many years.

While serving his charge in Carrollton, he was united in marriage with Miss Mary Byder. This union was blessed with three sons and three daughters, all of whom survive the husband and father. Luke, the youngest of the children, was ordained to the Lutheran ministry by his father after completing his course at our Seminary last June. He now serves one of our congregations in Baltimore, Md.

Failing to recover from a critical intestinal operation, our brother entered into his rest February 12, 1926. His body lay in state in his own church until time of burial Tuesday, February 16. The funeral services were conducted by Pastors Hax, Blohm, Sutter and C. V. Sheatsley preaching the sermon based on Heb. 4,9.

Probably the largest crowd since the funeral of President McKinley gathered in Canton to pay tribute to this pastor, brother and friend.

Servants of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease,
And life's long warfare closed at last,
Thy soul now rests in peace.—J. M.
C. V. S. in The Lutheran Standard.

FORMER FACULTY.

In publishing the December, '25 issue of the Bulletin, we omitted from the roll of honor, the faculty of 1883 to 1884. The names of this faculty were not printed in Annual Catalog. Catalog of 1883 contained names of faculty of 82-83. The catalog of 84 contained names of faculty of 84-85. This lead to the omission of their names from the list. We are grateful to a friend who called our attention to the omission.

The faculty f '83 and '84 is to be especially honored for what it did to save the College. Since our attention was called to this omission we have sought information about that period when students raised enough money to pay teachers to finish the year and continue the college that was abandoned by the Board.

The faculty as near as can be ascertained was made up as follows.

Reverend J. S. Detwiler, D. D.
President.
Reverend James M. Cromer, D. D.
Professor of English Literature.
Reverend J. Howard Stough, Ph. D., D. D.
Professor of Latin and Greek.
Reverend Jonathan A. West
Professor of Mathematics.
Professor S. S. Schmucker, Sc. D.
Professor of Sciences.
Miss Julia Scofield (now Mrs. McKemey)
Instructor in Academic courses.

In responce to our request for information Dr. Cromer writes of that period:—

"That was an awful experience for me. My only reason for resigning my most pleasant and prosperous pastorate at Washington, Illinois, was to save the College from immediate collapse. The Carthage Alumni, T. J. Scofield, and others insisted that I come and I came.

"At my own expense I went to Louisville, Ky. to secure Detweiler who was then pastor of the first church there for President. This was a tough job. Detweiler's people were so loth to give him up, that they threatened to throw me into the Ohio river. But I got him to come. Then we had mass meetings and all kinds of efforts to induce him to accept. Finally he accepted.

"They gave me the special work of running the dining hall, which was enough for one man.

"Few Colleges ever had better teachers than Stough and Schmucker."

CAMPUS BEAUTIFUL.

Under the direction and activity of Miss Simmons, Miss Kibbe, Mr. Krauss and others the campus is being improved. Some pretty landscape gardening has added beauty. Driveways, grading and planting of trees and shrubbery were part of the program.

One of the problems in connection with a large campus is keeping the grass clean, short and thick. A power mower is essential, without it we were helpless. Dr. S. P. Long offered at last meeting of Board to secure this mower. He found among the people of Wicker Park church a generous hearted man of vision who presented the College with a Jackson Heavy Duty Four Acre mower. The music of this machine has already become a part of our life on a part of our 36 acre campus.

We are pleased to present to our readers a picture of Dr. Leffler, who by his gift has joined the goodly company of our honored benefactors.

DR. W. H. LEFFLER.

Dr. W. H. Leffler was born in Muskingum County, Ohio, February 12, 1876. He was raised in a Lutheran home on a farm and attended a country school until the age of nineteen. In 1895 and 1896 he attended Muskingum College at New Concord, Ohio and taught school in Muskingum County for eight years. He entered Valparaiso University in 1904, took up the study of Medicine and Surgery and graduated from the Chicago College of Medicine and Surgery in 1908, and he has been practicing this profession in Chicago since that time.

CONVOCATION SPEAKERS.

1925-6.

Rev. D. Bruce Young, B. D., Shelby, Ohio.
Rev. S. M. Lesher, D. D., Burlington, Iowa.
Prof. S. G. Hefelbower, D. D., Ph. D., L. L. D.
Mr. R. H. Johnson, A. M., Instructor in History.
Mr. Lewis Omer, A. M. Director of Athletics.
Senator William B. McKinley, Washington, D. C.
Reverend J. T. Dodds, D. D., Carthage, Ill.
Doctor Edith B. Lowry, Director of Child Hygiene, Springfield. Ill.
Mr. Joel Lakra of India, Asia.
Rev. W. N. La Mance, M. E. Chruch Evangelist.
Prof. John Aberly, D. D., Chicago Lutheran Theological Seminary.
Miss Mary E. Markley, Litt. D., New York City.
Prof. Paul H. Roth, B. D., Northwestern Lutheran Theological Seminary Minneapolis.
Reverend I. W. Bingamen, D. D., Quincy, Ill.
Reverend George W. Nicely, D. D. Williamsport, Pa.
Reverend Charles S. Bauslin, D. D., Harrisburg, Pa.
Reverend W. F. Hertel, B. D., Peoria, Ill.
Miss Faith Clark, Missionary to India.
President H. D. Hoover.

OFFICIAL COLLEGE REPRESENTATIVES.

Recent official delegates of the College to formal occasions in other institutions are here by listed:—

1. Mr. Harry H. Whitten, M. D. '88 to the Inauguration ceremonies of President Hamilton of Bradley Polytechnic Institute, Peoria, Ill.
2. Mr. William G. Arbaugh, A. B., B. D. to the Inauguration exercises of President Beury, of Temple Univ., Philadelphia, Pa.
3. Professor Chester Southwich Fleming, B. S. '18 to the inauguration of President Fair of Teachers College, Kirksville, Mo.
4. Rev. John O. Yoder, A. M. to the inauguration of President Zook of the municipal University of Akron, O.
5. Mrs. Mary Hyde Hall to the inauguration of President McClelland of Illinois Woman's College, Jacksonville, Ill.
6. Mr. Lewis Omer, to the Annual meeting of the Illinois Athletic Conference at Peoria, Ill.
7. Mr. C. S. Sifferd, to the Annual Convention of the Iowa Lutheran Brotherhood and Synod at Des Moines, Iowa.
8. Reverend Prof. A. H. Arbaugh, D. D. to the Annual meeting of the Synod of the Northwest at Marinette, Wis.
9. Prof. S. G. Hefelbower, Ph. D., D. D., L. L. D. to the Annual Convention of the Association of American Colleges and the National Lutheran Educational Conference in New York City.
10. William Krauss, A. B. '16 to the Annual Convention of the Illinois Synod at Chicago.
11. Miss Letta Simmons, Litt. D. to the Annual Convention of the North Central Association of Secondary Schools and Colleges at Chicago, Ill.
12. Miss Pearl E. Goeller, A. B. to the Annual meeting of the Association Of College Registrars, Minneapolis, Minn.

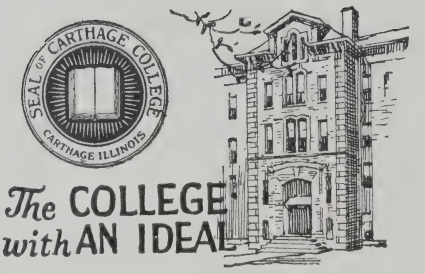
NOTES.

The late Mrs. Bessie Draper King after the death of her mother directed that a beautiful portrait of her father in oil should be given to the College. This wish has lately been fulfilled, and there hangs in the College office this highly prized portrait of the first Treasurer of the College in Carthage.

Mr. Henry W. Draper, an attorney was one of the original founders of the College at Carthage, a signer of the application for charter and a member of the first Board of Trustees under that Charter. He served the College in this capacity from 1870 to 1881. For ten years he was treasurer and for two years secretary of the Board.

In the Proceedings of the Forty-ninth Annual Session of the American Association for the Study of the Feeble-Minded, held at Raleigh, N. C. 1925 appears a paper entitled "The Function of a Clinical Psychologist in an Institution" written by Mr. Lloyd N. Yepsen '21 who is Clinical Psychologist in the Training School at Vineland, N. J. In the home of Mr. Yepsen and his good wife and classmate Mrs. Ethel Miller Yepsen blooms a rose by the name of Carolyn Dale Yespen. She was a lusty 3 months old at Christmas time.

In a recent issue of the Journal of Geography appears an article by Miss Clare Symonds head of the department of geography in the Senior High School of Quincy, Ill., and an extension student in Carthage College entitled: "High School Geography."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CARTHAGE ILLINOIS
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CARTHAGE COLLEGE BULLETIN

Thirty Two Theologs

Volume IX MAY 1, 1926 Number 17
Entered at Carthage, Illinois, Post Office as Second Class Matter
Published Semi-Monthly

FOREWORD.

The first graduate of Carthage College, Rev. J. M. Cromer, D. D., '75, entered the gospel ministry. A number of the graduates of Hillsboro College and Illinois State University became ministers. Many former students of Carthage who did not graduate entered the ministry. But counting all of these there never was a time when the College furnished the church with as many ministers as now. In this the history of Carthage College is unique. All other colleges have declined in the proportion of their graduates entering the ministry. Carthage is growing in the right direction. In the year 1925 there were thirty-one men and one woman studying theology. This issue of the Bulletin is used to introduce this goodly company to our readers. Carthage is functioning as a Church College. The church can rejoice in the fruits of her investment in her College, and should be inspired to give with a generous heart and hand to the present and future needs of Carthage College.

REV. ERIC BIEDERMANN, B. D.

LEONARD STIDLEY, M. S.

GEORGE W. BEISWANGER, A. M.

REV. CARL WALTER, B. D.

REV. E. JEROME JOHANSEN, B. D.

REV. WILLIAM ZIMMANN, B. D.

HARRY ALLEN, A. B.

ARTHUR ANGERSBACH, A. B.

WILLIAM ARBAUGH, A. B.

KENNETH HURST, A. B.

EDWIN KNUDTEN, A. B.

ARTHUR NEUMANN, A. B.

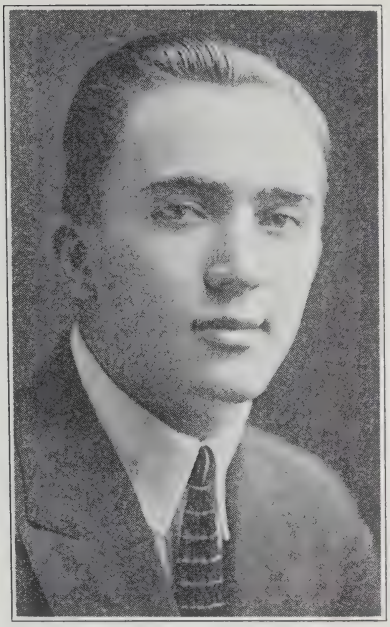
THEODORE BROSCHE

MAURICE LESHER, A. B.

LUTHER BEISWANGER, A. B.

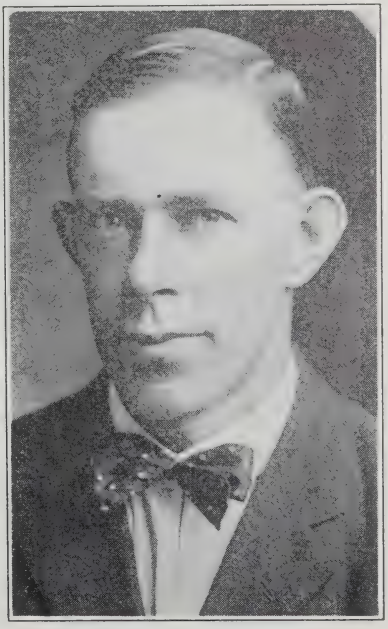
HARVEY CURRENS, A. B.

ROBERT DAUBE, A. B.



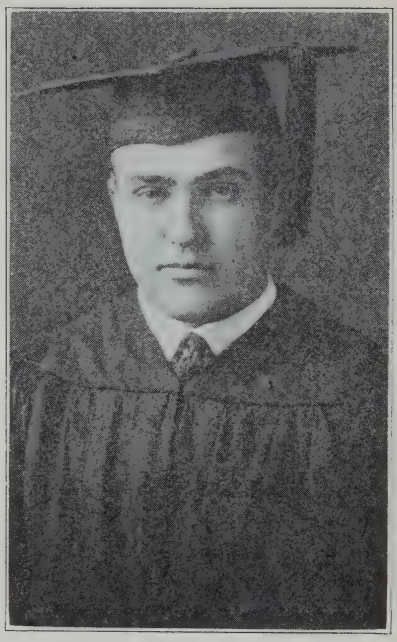
ARNOLD KAITSCHUK, A. B.

HARMON J. McGUIRE, A. B.



ARTHUR SCHMIDT.

ARTHUR ALTHAFER, A. B.

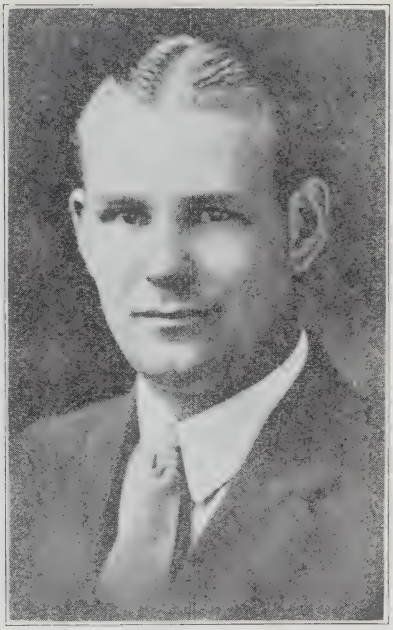


GARRETT GENSZLER, A. B.

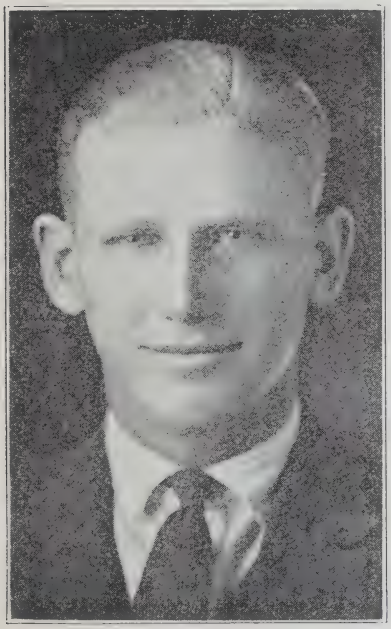
OSCAR KAITSCHUK, A. B.

IRWIN R. KRAEMER, A. B.

RALPH REHWOLDT, A. B.



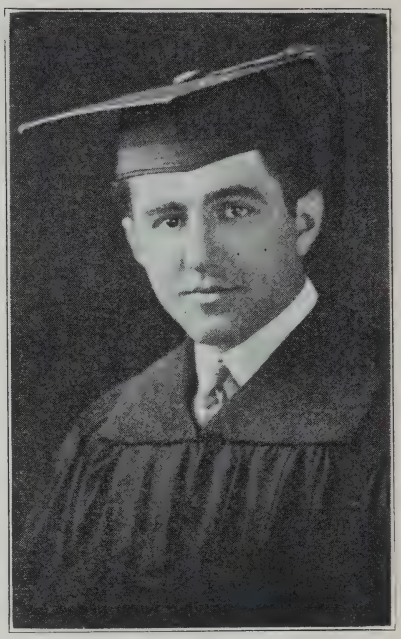
W. CARL SATRE, A. B.



ALBERT SCHNAAKE, A. B.

CHRIS E. SORENSEN, A. B.

HENRY STOLLDORF.



THEODORE STUMP, A. B.

THEODORE REES.

O Thou whose feet have climbed life's hill,
And trod the path of youth,
Our Saviour and our Brother still,
Now lead us into truth.

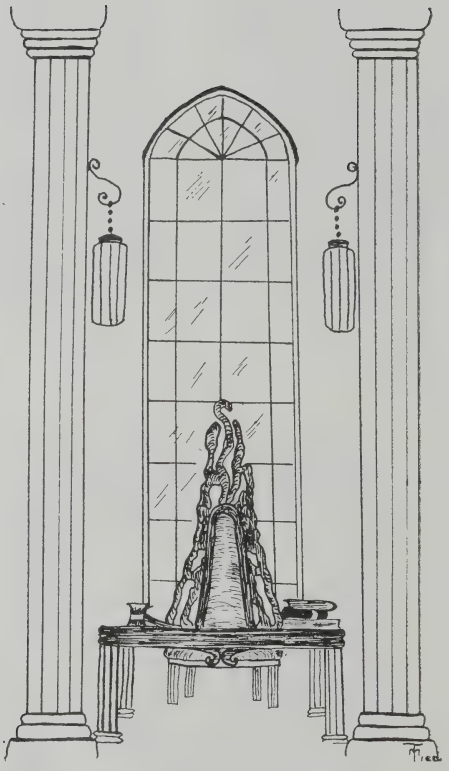
The call is Thine; be Thou the way,
And give us men, to guide;
Let wisdom broaden with the day,
Let human faith abide.

Who learn of Thee the truth shall find,
Who follow, gain the goal;
With reverence crown the earnest mind,
And speak within the soul.

Awake the purpose high which strives,
And, falling, stands again;
Conform the will of eager lives
To quit themselves like men.

Thy life the bond of fellowship,
Thy love the law that rules,
Thy Name, proclaimed by every lip,
The Master of our schools.

—Louis Benson.



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CARTHAGE COLLEGE BULLETIN

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REVEREND PROFESSOR N. J. GOULD WICKEY, Ph. D.

President of Carthage College

FOREWORD

We are pleased to announce the election of Rev. N. J. Gould Wickey, Ph. D., as the ninth president of Carthage College. The eighth president of the College (from June 1909 to July 1926) served twice as long as any previous administrator. We wish for Dr. Wickey a long, happy and successful administration. Under his leadership, pray we, may dear old Carthage go forward, grow upward and gain the goal set by her ardent admirers and loyal friends and supporters with vision glorious.

For such a time as this when loyalty needs to be pledged anew; for such a time as this when larger support, more willing sacrifices and finer friendship—for such a time as this—Alumni, Students, Faculty, Trustees, Friends and Citizens interested in our beloved institution—for such a time as this were you born, and Carthage ideals and spirit were born in you. Under the new Leader, Forward!

Keep her torch-light burning bright,
Her banner in the sky.
Guard her spirit chivalric,
Her ideals fructify.

BOARD NAMES COLLEGE HEAD

Following a meeting of the Board of Trustees of Carthage College Tuesday, June 1, announcement was made that Rev. Dr. N. J. Gould Wickey, of Fargo, North Dakota, has been elected president of Carthage College to succeed Dr. H. D. Hoover, who resigned to accept the chair of Practical Theology at Gettysburg Seminary, Gettysburg, Pa.

Dr. Wickey is a young man and is active along educational and religious lines, being recognized as one of the best educators in the United Lutheran Church.

Born in Escol, Perry county, Pennsylvania, he completed his high school course at Littleston, Pa. He matriculated to Gettysburg College and received his Bachelor of Arts degree from that institution in 1912, graduating with honors. The following year he entered Gettysburg Lutheran Theological Seminary, receiving his Bachelor of Divinity degree in 1915. The following year was spent at Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he received his degree of Master of Arts. Dr. Wickey returned to Harvard to continue his studies and received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from that institution in 1923. While at Harvard he held the Walker fellowship. In 1919 he was awarded the Parker Travelling Fellowship and spent a year at Oxford University.

Dr. Wickey was ordained by the Maryland Synod of the Lutheran Church in 1916. In 1920 he became professor of philosophy in Concordia College, of the Norwegian Lutheran Church at Moorhead, Minnesota, and was dean of men at Concordia from 1921 to 1924 when he became pastor of St. Mark's Lutheran church in Fargo, North Dakota. He continued on the faculty of Concordia College, carrying two courses in philosophy.

Work Outstanding

His work in the church has been outstanding. Since his pastorate at Fargo the church building has been enlarged and is still too small for many of the services. He is a popular preacher with a strong personality and draws many hearers from outside territory.

Articles written by Dr. Wickey have been in demand by many papers and Journals, including papers of the Lutheran church, Theological journals, and "The Churchman," published in London, England. He has also been a contributor to the National Educational Association Journal.

He has been active in community affairs and is a charter member of the Moorhead Kiwanis Club, serving several terms as a director of that organization. He is at present a member of the Kiwanis Club at Fargo and is also a charter member of the Fargo-Moorhead Professional Men's Club.

Is Organizer

The Luther Inner Missionary Society of North Dakota was organized by Dr. Wickey who acted as secretary of the organization. The Fargo-Moohead Lutheran Training School for Religious Workers was also instituted by Dr Wickey who was named Dean of that institution. He has been a member of the Board of Directors of Northwestern Theological Seminary at Minneapolis, Minnesota, for a number of years.

Dr. Wickey will take up his new duties as President of Carthage College July 1, 1926.

—*The Hancock County Journal.*